

LOCAL DEPARTMENT TO BE FINEST EQUIPPED IN VALLEY

Fireman Of Charleroi Will
Have Wagon Here
Soon.

TESTED NEW HOSE TODAY

Annex To Building Will
Mean a Big Item To
Company.

In a short time when all the proposed improvements to the firemen's quarters on Fallowfield avenue are finished and the local department has all their new and old apparatus in good working order, Charleroi will have a representative fire department which as one of the men aptly put it "will be second to none." This of course means not as good or as fully equipped as some paid departments in the larger cities, but principally those where there are volunteer departments.

The new combination chemical and hose wagon which was ordered by council a few months ago, is due to arrive this week, a letter having been received to that effect. It is to be used for all fires of any importance, and weighing not over a ton can easily be taken into the hill district. The hose for this wagon has already been received and this morning was thoroughly tested. It was perfectly satisfactory with one exception which can be remedied easily. This was the washers in the couplings being too small, thus allowing a leakage at each joint. The hose is Red Cross Eureka, 2 ply, being very light but at the same time toughly made and able to stand much wear and tear.

What will be the finishing touch towards completing the equipments and quarters, will be the annex to the borough building, so that room can be made for all apparatus, and arrangements for the animals. A farm system will be greatly improved by putting the bell higher up.

Men have been appointed in various districts, and arrangements made for fire in the town, large facilities for getting on quickly have been greatly improved by the redistribution.

GENERAL RESUMPTION IS EXPECTED SOON

All the presidents of the underlying companies of the United States Steel Corporation have been summoned to New York for a conference today with President William E. Corey and other officials at the head of the big industrial combination.

One report is that arrangements are to be made to start up every idle mill under the control of the corporation. One of the leading officials of the Carnegie Steel company is reported to have said that all the mills of that concern would be in operation within the next few weeks.

While such conferences are held monthly, the fact that the arrangements and prospects for this meeting have leaked out in a general way has given unusual impetus to the talk heard lately that a general resumption may be expected.

Read The Mail.

NEW TIPPLES TO BE ERECTED AT CATSBURG

Engineers from the River Coal company began work yesterday morning at Catsburg, running lines for some contemplated improvements at that plant. Location will be made for two new tipples, one for river and one for rail, and it may be that work on the new structures will begin some time before the coming fall. The board of directors of the company have not finally determined upon the improvement, but it is altogether likely that favorable action will be taken in the matter at an early date. A large body of coal adjoins the Catsburg holdings, and the present structure now in use for handling the product are not adapted to the wants of the company. In fact, the railroad tippie has been out of commission for some years, thus preventing the company from taking advantage of railroad shipments. The river tippie is an old structure, built years ago but kept in good repair. The march of improvement, however, makes it imperative that the most modern methods of handling coal be installed, and to that end the company is now preparing. As soon as the survey is made and the ground plans completed it is likely the company will authorize the erection of the proposed tipples.

URNS OUT LARGE PIECE OF WARE

William Pastor, a blower in the Washington factory of the Phoenix Glass company, West Maiden street, successfully turned out yesterday morning one of the largest pieces of ware that the company has ever blown.

It was with great satisfaction that he successfully turned out the big globe, and he is receiving the congratulations of his many friends. Pastors is a well-known man among the members of the American Flint Glass Workers' Union, and has been in Washington about four years. The ware which he turned out could scarcely be accommodated in the lehrs, and had to be drawn through very carefully. The globe is extra large and are for an order from a Los Angeles, California, firm. The glass from which the ware was turned out was No. 1, and this contributed to the success of the work.

Getting Along.
Miss Goodley—Miss Hulse goes in for everything. She's constantly doing something. Miss Knox—Yes, but the one thing she is doing most steadily she won't admit. Miss Goodley—What is that? Miss Knox—Growing older—Catholic Standard and Times.

Too Much of It.
Greene—How does it happen that you don't trade at Cleaver's any more? You used to brag about the nice cuts of meat he always sent you. Is it because he wouldn't give you credit? Gray—On the contrary, it is because he did.—Boston Transcript.

Tommy's Lesson.
Tommy—But, mamma, fingers were made before forks. Mamma—Yes, my boy, and dirt was made before pie, but you prefer pie, don't you, Tommy?—Yonkers Statesman.

CHERUBS STUNG IN FIRST GAME

Drummers Able To Chase
Over Four More Runs
Than Charleroi.

MCLEARY IS RELIEVED

One hour and thirty-five minutes was consumed at Clarksburg yesterday afternoon and in that time the Drummers pulled out four more runs than the Cherubs could manage to register. Edward McCleary started the heaving for Charleroi and worked until the middle of the sixth inning, allowing six hits. At this stage Osborne took charge allowing one more safe bingle. Lower who gave the Cherubs two hits on Clarksburg last trip to Charleroi was in good form allowing but one run.

Drum's killing of two drives that were good for two bases, and the sharp stick work of Cy Dawson won the game. Clarksburg scored in the first, Cy Dawson putting the ball over the right field fence. In the fourth Clark singled to center, Conaway sacrificed, McAleese hit to right and Garden and Clark tallied. In the sixth, after McCleary had walked Gribben and Clark, Conaway reached first on Clark's putout at second, McAleese singled and Gribben tallied. J. Dawson drew a life, filling the bases. McGinty singled to center, by scoring Conaway and McAleese. Charleroi scored its only run in the fourth. O'Hare singled and stole second. Heinz singled to right and O'Hare scored. Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
Dunn, s.....	2	3	2	0	0
O'Hare, m.....	1	2	0	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	0	2	3	0	0
Heinz, l.....	0	1	6	1	0
Dailey, c.....	0	1	3	1	0
May, c.....	0	3	0	0	0
Houser, 3.....	0	1	0	0	0
Osborne, l-p.....	0	1	4	0	0
W. Humphries, l.....	0	0	0	0	0
Mack, p-l.....	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	1	6	24	8	0

CLARKSBURG	R	H	P	A	E
F. Dawson, l.....	1	4	0	0	0
Gribben, 3.....	0	2	1	0	0
Clark, r.....	1	0	0	0	0
Conaway, l.....	0	9	0	0	0
McAleese, c.....	1	2	5	1	0
J. Dawson, m.....	0	0	1	0	0
Drum, 2.....	0	1	3	0	0
M'Ginty, s.....	0	2	3	0	0
Lower, p.....	0	0	0	3	0
Total.....	5	7	27	10	0

Clarksburg.....1 0 0 1 0 3 0 0 -5
Charleroi.....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 3-1
Hits—Off McCleary, 6 in 5 1-3 innings; off Osborne, 1 in 2 2-3 innings. Stolen bases—O'Hare, May. Sacrifice hit—Conaway. First base on balls—Off McCleary 4. Left on bases—Charleroi 3, Clarksburg 4. Home runs—F. Dawson 2. Struck out—By Lower 5, by McCleary 3, by Osborne 1. Double play—Drum to Conaway. Passed ball—Dailey. Hit by pitcher—Osborne. Umpire—Arundel. Time 1:35.

RIVER COAL MEN HOPE FOR RISE IN THIS MONTH

The records show that the precipitation in July of 1907 was greater than any other month of that year, and continued showers over the water sheds, with the weather map indicating "cloudy" at headwaters, has created hope in the minds of the rivermen that the present July will not pass without a coal boat rise in the rivers. Showers have gradually increased the stage in the Ohio river and the sandpiles below dam No. 6 are now covered with water, making a safe state for the lighter draft pack-ets. Conditions are generally favorable for a rise and shippers are in good shape to take advantage of a coal shipping stage to make record breaking shipments. With a rise bringing a stage of 12 to 14 feet, and available for shipments for five or six days, about 5,000,000 bushels of coal will be started for southern ports.

Miss Elsie Crill is a visitor in Pittsburgh today.

CONERSTONE LAID OF FIRST CHURCH

Ceremonies At Newell Yesterday—Bishop Smith Speaks.

CHARLEROI PLANT GIVES

The corner stone of Newell's first church, Methodist Episcopal, was laid yesterday amid impressive ceremonies. An interesting program was rendered in the afternoon, being in charge of Dr. G. W. Terbush, the district superintendent of Washington county. The principal address was made by Bishop Charles W. Smith, of Pittsburgh. Rev. A. M. Doak of Charleroi had a part on the program.

At the annual conference held in Pittsburgh last October, the Rev. William Law was assigned the Coal Center charge with Newell added to his work. Steps were immediately taken at the first quarterly conference held at Coal Center to look after the erection of a church in Newell. For several years Sunday school and preaching services have been held in the public school building, Rev. E. D. Bevier, of the M. E. church of Fayette City conducting services.

Rev. J. C. High of Pittsburgh also had a mission church. Through the efforts of him the land for the building site, was donated by J. G. Robison, superintendent of the Pittsburgh division of the P. and L. E. R. R.

The Pittsburgh Plate Glass company, of Charleroi, donated 1600 bushels of sand to be used in construction. Other donors were James Donner, Frank Devers, Newell; Mrs. J. B. Crothers, Charles Bradford and James Davis, Coal Center.

S. D. Abercrombie, the contractor for the structure, donated his work on the corner stone.

The Rev. William Law, of Coal Center, is chairman of the building committee, the other members being Milford Davidson, Roy Wilson, secretary, and Robert Stevenson, treasurer.

Lover, Pa., July 22.—Charles Reed had a driving horse kicked a few days ago which had to be shut.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hanner spent Saturday and Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Wilbur Geho, of Wood Run.

Miss Margaret Hayden near Monongahela, is visiting relatives here for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Duvall spent Sunday with the former's father, Jefferson Duvall near Jonestown.

Miss Elizabeth Smiley of Monessen, has been spending several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lott Smiley.

Mrs. Maud Davis is on the sick list.

Several ladies and gentlemen of Charleroi are camping on the flat at this place. Lover is becoming quite popular as a summer resort.

Mrs. Rosanna Sphar died at her home at Garwood Friday evening between 7:00 and 8:00 o'clock, of paralysis. She was 75 years of age. Mrs. Sphar was the widow of Jacob Sphar, who died just eight weeks ago, from the day Mrs. Sphar died. On Tuesday morning while seated at the breakfast table Mrs. Sphar was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Before she could be assisted from the table she fell to the floor and up to the time of her death did not regain consciousness.

Mrs. Sphar is survived by two sons, Joseph and Samuel near here, and three daughters, Mrs. Joseph Fleming and Mrs. Stringer of Garwood, and Mrs. Sanders of Monongahela. Funeral services were held at the home on Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment in the Maple Creek cemetery at this place.

Awaiting Blessing.

Brownsville, Pa., July 22.—No new developments are reported in the sensational elopement of Clark Breckenridge and Miss Ethel English pulled off here yesterday. Clark Breckenridge and his young wife are at the home of the groom's parent's waiting the "God bless you, my children" from the father of the bride. No information have been made against those who were principal characters in the plot and there is likely to be none. Up to noon Dr. H. J. Eglish had not arrived in town.

Rev. and Mrs. G. G. Kerr are visitors in Pittsburgh today.

WHAT CHARLEROI HAS FORTUNATELY ESCAPED

TRIED TO KILL HERSELF AT HOME IN BELLE VERNON

Lying unconscious and at death's door, her stiffened fingers clutching an empty vial that had contained carbolic acid, Miss Emma Browneller, aged 40 years, was found at about 5 o'clock Tuesday evening at her home in Belle Vernon, by neighbors. The evidences were that the woman had swallowed the poison with suicidal intent several hours before. She was hurried to St. Francis' hospital, McKeesport, yesterday morning.

The woman is the daughter of Michael Browneller of Wick Haven and has not been strong mentally for some years. She has for a long time lived by herself in Belle Vernon, shunning all her neighbors. When found her lips were horribly burned and she was revived only with difficulty. Brood in over her lonely life is supposed to have prompted the rash act.

Benefit Ball.
At The Independence Hall, corner Crest avenue and Third street, Saturday July 27th, Hubnor Orchestra. 23613

DEATH OF WELL KNOWN FARMER

Last evening at 8 o'clock Elmer Lutes, a widely known resident of Fallowfield township passed away after but a few days' illness. He took sick on Monday of typhoid fever and gradually become worse until last evening when he died. The funeral will be held from the late residence on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be in Crowe's cemetery. The deceased is survived by his wife, and three children, two sons and one daughter.

Chivalry and Fatness.

Have you never noticed that great personal bulk and chivalry go almost always together? Well, they do, and I am reminded of a circumstance that happened long years ago. There was in congress from the state of Alabama a gentleman named Dixon Lewis. He was notorious for his stoutness as well as for his courtliness and abilities. This gentleman was a Virginian by birth, but removed early to Alabama, which state he represented during several terms of congress and was in the senate at the time of his death in 1848. Biographers relate of him that one time after the adjournment of congress he was on his way home in a steamer that was wrecked and while he had an opportunity to do so refused to take a seat in a small boat because his great weight would jeopardize the lives of others in the boat, and, although for a time he was in great danger, he was at last rescued. There was a noticeable combination of chivalry and fatness.—Washington Post.

A New One For Him.
"The climate here is salubrious, isn't it?" remarked the tourist.
"Say, friend," replied the native, "jest write that there word down fur me, will yer? I git tired o' sweatin' at this climate in the same old way. That's a new one."—Philadelphia Press.

It is not the strength but the duration of great sentiments that makes great men.—Friedrich Nietzsche.

Town Of Hastings In
Cambria Co. Has Typhoid
Epidemic.

CAUSED BY BAD WATER

P. R. R. Co. Aids By
Sending Pure Spring
Water.

At Hastings, Cambria County there is now raging an epidemic of typhoid fever, owing to the impure city water which has been furnished the residents of that city for sometime past. From a few cases last week new ones have been reported daily until now the town is in great danger and drastic measures are being taken to halt the disease. More than 60 cases were reported up to last evening. A temporary hospital has been established and patients will be removed there where they will receive treatment, and be in charge of trained nurses. The reservoirs, the streams and the pipes have all been flushed and disinfected. The Pennsylvania Railroad company yesterday delivered 7,000 gallons of pure water from the spring at Cresson, and the liquid is being distributed free by the board of health.

Charleroi people need feel greatly interested in the above case on account of the local water conditions. As has before been stated is but by good fortune and care on the part of the residents that we have not an epidemic of a similar nature, from the same cause, bad water. Numerous statements have been made before concerning the 'unhealthful' condition of the city water here, and a repetition is 'unnecessary. It would be a good idea for all to live up to the suggestion of the Board of Health, "boil your water, before your use it," for the health of many may depend on the care of individuals in that matter.

Great interest is being manifested in the coming suit of the Charleroi Water Co. versus the Borough, as the chances of getting better water service depends a great deal on the outcome.

INTEREST MANIFESTED IN SALE OF ROSE HITE

Considerable interest is manifested in steamboat circles over the sale of the excursion packet Rose Hite, which is scheduled to take place tomorrow morning at the office of the United States marshal in Pittsburgh.

Inspectors Atkinson and Williams of Pittsburgh were up at Fayette City and inspected the towboat Alice Bell No. 2. The towboat, Little Fred, and the tugboat Aid will be inspected Saturday.

Tawatha.

Edna May, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tawatha of Bellevue died yesterday afternoon at 4:30 at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood of Washington avenue, Charleroi, where the parents had been visiting. The body will be taken to Pittsburgh for interment.

Read The Mail.

We Guard the Interests of Our Depositors

The First National Bank of Charleroi is conservative in policy, progressive and energetic in its methods. It carefully guards the interests of its patrons.

You are cordially invited to open an account and make use of the facilities of this Safe and Obliging Banking Institution.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

First National Bank
Charleroi, Pa.

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

J. E. Tener, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail

**EXPERT
WATCH
REPAIRING**

Also Jewelry, Clocks, Talking Machines, Revolvers and Umbrellas.

All Work is Guaranteed That is Done at

JOHN B. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Bell Phone 103-W
Charleroi Phone 100
Store Closed at 6 p. m. Every Evening Excepting Monday and Saturday

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

**Published Daily Except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.**

**Tom P. Sloan, President
S. W. Sharnack, Sec'y & Treas.
Harry E. Fritz, Business Manager**

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.,
second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$3.00
Six Months.....1.50
Three Months......75
All subscriptions payable in advance.
Carried by carrier in Charleroi at six
cents per week.
Communications of public interest are al-
ways welcome, but as an evidence of good
faith, and not necessitate publication,
they invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bell 76 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press
Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first
insertion. Rates for large space con-
tracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as
business notices, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including that
in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and stray notices,
bank notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Micht.....Charleroi
Dyde Collins.....Speers
H. Dooler.....Dunlevy
Fustave Clements.....Lock No. 1

July 23 in History.

1790—Land battle of
Abouker; Bonaparte
almost annihilated
the Turkish army.
1816—Charlotte Saunders
Cushman, actress,
born; died 1876.
1860—Great riot in Hyde
park, London; reform U. S. Grant
meeting broken up by the police.
1885—General Grant died in the Drexel
cottage at Mount McGregor;
born 1822.
1906—185 members of the defunct
douma met at Viborg, Finland,
and issued a revolutionary man-
ifesto.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:20, rises 4:45; moon rises
1:33 a. m.; moon's age, 26 days; planet
Mercury visible low to east.

Courts Disagree.

The United States Circuit Court of
Illinois has reversed the decision of
Judge Landis, in which he fined the
Standard Oil company twenty-nine
millions of dollars for accepting re-
bates on oil shipments.

This reversal was generally looked
for by those who have attentively fol-
lowed the case, but it would have been
relieved with greater confidence had
the court been composed of other men
than Grosscup, Baker and Seaman.
As far as personal probity is concerned
Grosscup has no better reputation in
Chicago than "Bathhouse John," or
any other of the "gray wolf" tribe of
pot-house grafters, and as for Baker, he
occupies the bench as the result of a
corrupt deal, involving his father who
was also a Federal Judge.

To the lay mind these decisions and
legal proceedings are confusing. Here
was a case where the acts committed
against the welfare of the people were
of such moral turpitude as to have
had incurred an enormous fine and to
call forth the strongest condemnatory
language from the court reversing the
decision, yet no one is criminally
prosecuted. The statements of the
court show that men and their busi-
ness have been ruined, towns desolated
and their inhabitants beggared. Surely
a corps of Cossacks could do no
more. Yet the men performing those
things walk the streets unmolested
while courts petting and split legal
hairs in a manner unworthy even of a
moot court.

These not lost in a maze of legal
cobwebs ask, why are those men not
prosecuted in the criminal courts? The
true answer to that will have to be
given or there will be a political up-
heaval in this country.

Why This Delay?

Judge Anderson of the Federal Court
of the District of Columbia, has cited
John Mitchell, Samuel Gompers and
Frank Morrison, of the American Fed-
eration of Labor to appear before him
next month to show cause why they
should not be punished for contempt
of court, for disobeying an injunction
issued by him relative to the Buck

store company of St. Louis.
The acts performed by Gompers and
claimed to be a violation of Judge
Anderson's injunction, were done last
November. Mitchell's disobedience
was done last January. Why, then,
was this matter postponed until right
at the beginning of a campaign in
which injunction is one of the leading
issues? Gompers' act was committed
in the District of Columbia, right
under Anderson's nose, yet he wai s
seven months before taking action.

A Judgment.

The Sabbath Observance movement
has descended upon Charleroi as a
judgment for the jibes of its press
about the Drug Store Syndicate of
Achesontown.—Connellsville Courier.

But with this difference: Over in
Moral-Spot-On-Catfish a few petty
dealers in "tonics" were the burnt
offerings to the "unco guid," while
the Drug Store Dynasty went free and
continues to sell whiskey to a select
circle of patrons unmolested.

Here a few foreign born citizens
were hailed with a great fanfare of
trumpets and fined for selling fruit,
etc. Of course the pure and virtuous
gentleman behind the prosecution of
the foreign born citizens can give all
kinds of reasons to show how selling
a melon is a violent infraction of the
moral code, and at the same time
prove that the sale of a glass of fruit-
ine is a very moral and commendable
act.

As for any "judgment" in the case,
if a desire to make a few unsophisti-
cated citizens, who merely follow the
custom that they see their neighbors
do with impunity is a "judgment,"
the meaning of the word must have
entirely changed from that which was
usually given it. People here have a
"shorter and uglier word" to tell
what instigated the proceedings.

The Air Let Out

The Democratic State Committee,
which met at Harrisburg, yesterday,
let the air out of the compressor and
the Bryan-Kerr machine completely
collapsed.

It is one thing to deprive a man of
his rights by frenzied mob tactics but
it altogether a different thing to make
it stick with people who know their
rights and are not afraid to maintain
them.

Of course there will come an awful
howl over the matter from the Wanna-
maker stripe of politicians who had a
nice little deal made up with the Kerr
people to control the next legislature
and defeat the will of the Republican
voters, as expressed at the primaries
last April, but the Republican party
thoroughly understands that those hit
the hardest will howl the loudest. As
Burns truly said, "The best laid plans
of mice and men gang all agley."

A Good Idea.

There is another class of harpies in
addition to the so-called detective
agencies that the law should get after
with a sharp stick and is that species of
heartless and vulgar swindles known
as employment agencies.

The victims of these swindles are
as widely extended as the country. In
every case of peonage tried in the
Southern States the revolting testi-
mony showed that the victims of that
system worse than slavery had been
sent to his fate through some one of
these nests of human vultures.

Indeed so horrible were the details
that the governments of Austro-Hun-
gary, Italy, Greece and Russia issued
a circular note to their consular agents
telling them to warn their subjects
not to accept employment through
these employment agencies. The pity
and the shame of the whole business is,
that great newspapers with still great-
er pretensions to a lofty code of morals
accepting what may be properly termed
blood money and lend their columns
to the furtherance of those rascally
schemes.

Take the Pittsburg papers as an ex-
ample. From six to a dozen copies of
the Chicago Daily Tribune come to
each office. For the past six months
there have been daily exposures of the
bald scoundrelism of the Hapgoods,
the Elliotts and the whole raft of
swindlers. Those Pittsburg papers
must know that the Hapgoods and the
Elliotts, et. al. have been denied the
use of the mails, deprived of license
to do business in Illinois for practices
beside which burglary is decent. Yet

the Pittsburg papers take their ad-
vertisements to lure other victims to
the same.

What is needed is a state system of
employment agencies, similar to that
of Illinois, where in each industrial
centre the State maintains an employ-
ment bureau, where the jobless man
or woman can leave their address and
where employers can find help. The
State owes to the cause of humanity
to root out the so-called employment
agencies, in order that our adopted
citizens shall be freed from one mean
form of swindling.

A Case.

You do not see people as a general
thing wearing shoes that do not fit
fairly well. Usually when a person
is in need of a pair of shoes he picks
out those that fit him.

Progress of Donora Bridge.

The false work between the second
and third piers of the Donora side of
the Donora-Webster bridge was finish-
ed yesterday and some of the steel
work was put into place. The Dun-
seth Sons and Company intend to finish
this span this week and will rush
the work with all possible speed.

The compressed air tank with com-
pressor and engine have been installed
and, to use the bridgeners' expres-
sion, the "guns" were at work yester-
day. These "guns" are compressed
air hammers used to rivet the bolts
on the bridge. Yesterday there were
about 500 bolts riveted but this was
only a starter. Plenty of steel is on
the ground to keep the workmen
going so there will be no delay from
this cause.

THE SUN A PUZZLE.

We See Only the Outer Shells of the
Great Blazing Orb.

The great ball of fire which we call
the sun is not really the sun. No one
has ever seen the sun. A series of
concentric shells envelops a nucleus
of which we know absolutely nothing
except that it must be almost infinitely
hotter than the fiercest furnace and
that it must amount to more than nine-
tenths of the solar mass.

That nucleus is the real sun, forever
hidden from us. The outermost of the
enveloping shells is about 5,000 miles
thick and is called the chromosphere.
It is a gaseous fluid, tinted with the
scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furio-
usly active that it sports up great
tongues of glowing gas (prominences)
to the height of thousands of miles.

Time was when this agitated sea of
crimson fire could be seen to advantage
only during an eclipse. Now special in-
struments are used which enable as-
tronomers to study it in the full glare
of the sun.

Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond
the prominences even, lies the nebulous
pallid corona visible only during the
vanishing moments of a total eclipse,
aggregating not more than seven days
in a century.

No one has ever satisfactorily ex-
plained how the highly attenuated
matter composing both the promi-
nences and the corona is supported
without falling back into the sun un-
der the pull of solar gravitation. Now
that Arrhenius has cosmically applied
the effects of light pressure a solution
is presented.

How difficult it is to account for
such delicate streamers as the promi-
nences on the sun is better compre-
hended when we fully understand how
relentlessly powerful is the grip of
solar gravitation.

If the sun were a habitable globe
and you could transport yourself to its
surface, you would find yourself pulled
down so forcibly by gravitation that
you would weigh two tons, assuming
that you are an ordinary human being.

Your clothing alone would weigh
more than a hundred pounds. Baseball
could be played in a solar drawing
room, for there would be some diffi-
culty in throwing a ball more than
thirty feet.

Tennis would be degraded to a form
of outdoor pingpong.
From these considerations it is plain
that gravitation on the sun would tend
to prevent the formation of any lam-
bent streamers and to pull down to its
surface masses of any size.—Harper's
Magazine.

The Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty now
in existence is that of the convention
between Ramesses II., king of Egypt,
and the Prince of Kheta, which em-
braces the articles of a permanent of-
fensive and defensive alliance, with
clauses providing for the extradition of
emigrants, deserters, criminals and
skilled workmen. This treaty was
drawn up in the fourteenth century
B. C. and is the earliest record that
we have of any international transac-
tion.

Her Uncooked Gown.

Miss Fluffgirl—Miss Newthought has
gone the limit with her vegetarianism!
Miss Furbelow—Why, what is her lat-
est? Miss Fluffgirl—She actually re-
fuses to wear anything but raw silk
gowns now.—New York Press.

Time to Be Diplomatic.

When a woman shows you the pic-
ture of her baby remember that you
will get into trouble nine times out of
ten, if you say exactly what you think.
—Somerville Journal.

PASTIMES OF MADMEN

Capricious and Inconspicuously Displayed by
the Insane.

Some of the inventions of the insane
are of scientific value. A patient at
Villajet invented a "panification ma-
chine" by combining a bottle, a plank
and small metallic tubes, to which he
had fitted faucets. Having set up his
machine, he produced loaves of bread
the size of a man's head. The bread
was good—so good that it was decided
to make the machine known. One day
when it was in action the doctor sug-
gested taking a photograph of it. The
inventor watched him as if petrified
for a moment; then he fell upon the
machine, wrenched it apart and trum-
pled it underfoot. The invention, an
exceedingly useful one, was lost, be-
cause no one had seen him make it,
and no one dares speak of it to him.
To allude to it is to bring on a furious
attack.

Most lunatics, no matter how con-
tented they may be, generally cherish a
fervent longing to escape. They col-
lect wax from the polished floors, take
the impressions of locks and make keys
from empty sardine boxes, spoon han-
dles or anything to be found. Dr. Mar-
rie's museum includes a collection of
knives of strange and unheard of
shapes. Some of them have blades
made from pieces of glass or slate and
set in handles of corset steels. Objects
harmless in themselves become dan-
gerous weapons through the ingenuity
of madmen.

Insane sculptors are as common as
insane painters. The insane sculptor
hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic
animals, ferocious little horned and
grimacing devils. An ex-mechanic
carves all his soap bones. That his old
trade is still in his memory is shown
by the little screws that he makes out
of the smaller pieces of bone. He
works all day at his senseless and
ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who
believes he is the incarnation of the
soul of Beelzebub, passes his time
carving toy men out of wood. Each
pair of his creations are joined to-
gether, now at the necks, now at the
shoulders.—Helen E. Meyer in Har-
per's Weekly.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

They Succeeded the System of Nomi-
nation by Caucus.

Conventions have not always nomi-
nated our presidents and vice presi-
dents. For more than thirty years
presidential candidates were named by
a caucus made up of members of the
house and the senate. This system
died when in 1824 the caucus insisted
upon by Martin Van Buren and other
friends of William E. Crawford of
Georgia defeated Crawford, which
threw the election into the house on
account of the scattering electoral vote
caused by the entrance of Clay, Cal-
houn, Jackson and John Quincy Adams
in the race. This fracas elected Adams.

The campaign of 1828 in consequence
was somewhat demoralized, and in
1831 the Republicans followed the ex-
ample the anti-Masonic party had set
the year before and met in conven-
tion in Baltimore to nominate Henry
Clay. The Democrats held their first
national convention in the same city
the following year, nominating Martin
Van Buren for vice president. The
dominating figure of the party, Andrew
Jackson, needed no endorsement of his
candidacy for the presidency.

The Democrats in 1835 and 1840
nominated Van Buren for the presi-
dency in Baltimore, and the Whigs
nominated Clay in the same place in
1844, when the Democrats named Polk.
In 1853 Romulus M. Saunders intro-
duced the two-thirds rule to the Demo-
cratic convention, and it was adopted.
The customs installed at these earlier
conventions which succeeded the tyranny
of the caucus chamber have been
continued and added to from time to
time, and the conventions today are
merely the descendants of those that
nominated Clay and Van Buren.—
Charles Wadsworth Camp in Metro-
politan Magazine.

Horizon.

A man calls it the horizon where the
earth and the sky seem to meet, but a
woman's notion of the horizon is the
families she can see moving in from
behind her front window curtains. If,
further, they hang out their washing
in a spirit of candor, they are, of
course, all the more so. The horizon
is caused by a number of things, chief
among them the gregarious instinct.
Only for this next door would mean as
little as tariff revision or pure food or
international arbitration. It takes a
star or something of that sort to rise
above the horizon, but a very ordinary
woman may feel above it.—Life.

The Cult of the Hotel.

"Hotel" is a French word, but a
thoroughly British institution. If its
great hotels were suppressed London
would no longer be London—that is to
say, the London of society, the theater,
literature, politics, art and fashion.
The hotel is one of the essential factors
of London life.—Milan Corriere Della
Sera.

A Comparison.

Mrs. Giles (anxiously asking after
rector's health)—Well, sir, I be glad
you says you be well, but there— you
be one of these "bad doers," as I calls
'em (gle 'em the best o' vittels, and it
don't do 'em no good)—there be pigs
like that!—London Punch.

First Necessity.

"How would you define a 'rying
need'?" asked the teacher of the
rhetoric class.
"A handkerchief," replied the solemn
young man with the wicked eye.—Chi-
cago Tribune.

The great and the little have need
of each other.—Shakespeare.

P. & W. Va. League.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Pct
Uniontown.....	43	25	.632
Charlottesville.....	45	30	.600
Charlottesville.....	35	32	.523
Connellsville.....	33	35	.485
Fairmont.....	32	42	.432
Scottsdale.....	22	46	.324

Yesterday's Results.

Charlottesville.....	1
Fairmont.....	8
Uniontown.....	1
Connellsville.....	1
Uniontown.....	3
Connellsville.....	2

Games Today

Charlottesville at Fairmont
Scottsdale at Fairmont
Uniontown at Connellsville

Experience Contribution.

Poetic Friend—Some one says a baby
in the house is a wellspring of joy.
Exasperated Young Parent—Well, don't
you believe it. As an element of en-
joyment a baby in the house is a
screaming farce.—Baltimore American.

Dear, Innocent Thing!

Hubby (while dressing)—That con-
founded trial balance was running in
my head all night. Wiley—John, you
must tell the manager, and maybe he
will give you extra pay for working
overtime.—Boston Transcript.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued
out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wash-
ington County, and to me directed, on which
inquisition and execution were returned, there
will be exposed at public sale at the Sheriff's
Sales Room in the Court House in the
Borough of Washington, Washington
County, Pa., Saturday, the 18th day of
August, 1908, at 1:30 o'clock, p. m., of said
day the following described real estate,
viz:—

All the right, title and interest of the
defendant in and to all that certain piece or
parcel of land lying between Ninth Street
and a 15 feet wide alley in North Street
Addition, Charleroi, Washington County, and
State of Pennsylvania and described as
follows:—
Beginning at the point on the west side of
Crest Avenue and north side of Lot No. 39,
thence along the north side of the Lot No. 39
in a westerly direction a distance of 120 feet
to a 20 feet wide alley, thence along the east
side of said alley a distance of 120 feet to a
northerly direction; thence along the south
side of the Lot No. 39 in an easterly direction
a distance of 120 feet to Crest Avenue, thence
along the east side of Crest Avenue, in a
southerly direction a distance of 25 feet to
place of beginning.

Edwin E. Kutz and designated Lot No. 39 as
shown on the plan of McMahon Addition
to Charleroi, which is recorded in Wash-
ington County, Pa.

Taken in execution as the property of
George Szilak alias George Selly, at the
suit of Farmers & Merchants' National
Bank, for use of D. Gell.

John O. McElroy, Sheriff,
Sheriff's Office, Washington, Pa.,
July 1, 1908. J-23-30-a-7

TEXAS

Our Next Excursion Leaves Pitts-
burg in the Evening of
July 6, 1908.

The Panhandle of Texas offers the very
best investments of the entire United
States for the man who wishes to locate on
a good farm as well as for the investor.
This land is unusually fertile, it is well-
watered and has no stumps or underbrush to clear
up, but ready to plow at once. On this land
you can raise larger crops of every kind
than on any other land in Penn-
sylvania or West Virginia.
There is an abundance of rainfall during
the crop growing season; and they have the
healthiest and most pleasant climate dur-
ing the entire year of any place in the Uni-
ted States. Plenty of absolutely fresh
water.

We are selling this land for \$10 to \$20 an
acre, according to distance from railroad,
and to the good farm. You can buy as
many acres as you want, and make as much
or more than the cost of your land in the
first year.

Send for our free illustrated booklet. You
should investigate this proposition at once.
By doing so you will see our new location.
Now is your chance before the land is all
sold as thousands of others are doing.
Send at once for our booklet and we will
send you more than 100 facts in the matter. We
will pay your expenses of making the trip
if we have misrepresented the land.

KURTZ & SEEHAUSEN
601 Commonwealth Bldg., 376 Fourth Ave.,
Pittsburg, Pa.
AGENTS WANTED



A First Class Finish
Good True Colors
Staying, Serviceable Qualities
LUSTRO PAINT—A true protection
and beautifier for anything that needs
painting.

For sale in Charleroi by
Buckholdt Hardware Co.

Howard's Repair Shop.

Lawn Mowers Sharpened by
special machine.

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Corner 4th street and McKean Avenue

C. E. LANTZ

Successor to Leo Lutz

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND RAY
Orders Given Prompt Attention.
24 McKean Avenue.

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Dawson's Killdeer
602 FALLOWFIELD AVE.
Trimmed—Hills—Untrimmed—Hills
we offer them. If we haven't what
you want we will make it.

R. O. Vetter
Drycleaning and Pressing
Suits made to order. 214 and 216
409 FALLOWFIELD AVE., CHARLEROI

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Dealer in Dry Goods and Fashion Goods
Also house supplies. Store facing street
Bell Phone 120-5

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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Notary Public. Second Floor, Room 2
427 McKean Avenue

Dr. J. A. Peaslee
618 FALLOWFIELD AVE.
General practice of medicine and surgery
in town and country. Bell phone 120-5.
Hours 8:30 to 10:30 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 8
p. m.

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DAVISTOWN, GREENE COUNTY, PA.
All kinds of business stock for sale. Pro-
cure a specialty. Write to above or
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Dr. C. S. Johnson,
Dentist,
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GOSSARD CORSETS AND
IMPORTED BELTS
600 FIFTH ST. CHARLEROI, PA.
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LOCK AND GUNSMITH
Repairing of guns and revolvers of all kinds.
Locks and keys furnished to order.
Shop 1010 McKean Ave., Charleroi, P.

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PROFESSIONAL NURSE
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Carriage and Automobile Painter.
Bring your Carriage and Automobile as
have them painted in modern style.
99 LINCOLN AVE., CHARLEROI, A.

Samuel Leonard
Livery, board and sales stable; special at-
tention paid to weddings and funerals. Open
all hours. We solicit your trade.
Office and Stable at 322 Fallowfield Avenue

Straw Hats Cleaned
WHILE YOU WAIT
Sanitary Barber Shop
"SHOE SHINING PARLOR"

**Making More Than
a Living**

Nearly every man
steadily makes more
ing. During the
the men who have
thing appreciate what
have something laid
rainy day. A few cents
soon counts up, and when
savings are placed in a bank at a
tidy interest the sum soon grows
to proportions that make it a
safeguard against want when
work is not plentiful. Figure
up how much more than a living
you are making now, and place
the difference in this bank.
Four per cent. interest paid in
savings department.

THIRD WEEK of our Great Annual July Sale of SHOES

Opened this morning with increased interest and attractiveness. Additional bargains in

Men's, Women's and Children's

OXFORDS AND SHOES

IN WHITE, TAN and BLACK GOODS are brought forward daily—and thousands are taking advantage of the economies offered—

Sample Shoe Store

A. Beigel

HERE AND THERE

The number of men employed in the coal mines of Washington county is estimated by Organizer George Geusie to be between 20,000 and 22,000. The outlook at present could not be better, all the mines being operated to their full capacity.

There are 175 cases on the docket for the August term of criminal court. The list comprises about a dozen cases carried over from the May term.

Washington people on Sunday are to have the privilege of hearing at the First Christian church the Rev. W. D. Cunningham, an independent missionary to Japan. The obstacle which he surmounted to reach the goal of his ambition stamp him as a man of indomitable will and force of character.

The Slavs of Manifold are recovering from exuberant festivities of a celebration attendant upon the marriage of two of their kinsmen. John Zijdell and Mary Finsch, who were married Monday morning in Canonsburg. The celebration cost the groom \$300 for refreshments, but the couple is about \$700 ahead on the dish breaking part of the celebration.

Steps were taken by the court yesterday looking to the revocation of the liquor license of two hotels in Fayette county. One of the places is that of William G. Marqua, of Connelisville, known as the Trans-Allegheny House, and the other is that of Bernard O'Connor, New Haven, known as the Columbia Hotel. Both the men are now in bankruptcy.

Patrick Connelly, aged 39 years, a well known coke worker, died suddenly at his home this morning at Orient. Deceased was well known in Connelisville and had worked at Trotter for many years. He was born in County Galway, Ireland and came to this country when a lad.

The H. C. Frick Coke company is making material contributions to prosperity by building a number of new plants. We do not believe that they are actuated by political motives, but if they are it's good politics.

Disitric Attorney Davis Henderson this morning received a letter from Chief of Police Peter Kenny, of McKeesport, in which he requests information regarding Alex. Townsend, who is in Uniontown jail on two serious charges of assault on little girls. The McKeesport official says that Townsend is accused of the same crime in McKeesport and that he will remove Townsend if Fayette county will give him up.

After hundreds have worked years to perfect a contrivance that would prevent the flying off of the trolley wheels on electricity cars it remained for Postmaster S. B. Sicklesmith of New Haven to solve the problem. Mr. Sicklesmith yesterday received notice of the allowance of a patent upon which he has worked for 14 years.

Mr. Pleasant has decided to join the Connelisville merchants in their picnic to Kennywood Park on August 6 and do its share toward the booming of the project for a deeper Yough river. This decision was reached at a meeting held in the Opera House last evening and it is likely that the stores will be closed on this day and the whole town turn-out to give the movement for a deeper river a strong boost.

Mt. Pleasant township road commissioners will build another half mile of brick road this year. It will be on the Canonsburg and Hickory valley road.

The cut for the trolley line through the Curry farm, east of Canonsburg, has been about completed and the steam shovel has been moved to a point further east on the line.

The races at the Dawson driving park this year promises to be the best ever held in the coke region. Interest has been added to the event by the offering for four \$1,000 sweepstakes prizes in addition to the usual \$400 purses. The meet this year will be held this week, July 21, 22, 23 and 24.

A meeting of the stockholders and directors of the Canonsburg Poultry and Pet Stock association was held Monday evening in the office of Geo. C. McPeake, in East Pike street. The meeting was well attended and from reports made it was shown that the association is now on firm footing and that the first show to be held in January will be a great success.

D. G. Jones, who is the general manager of the Pittsburgh-Buffalo company, has just returned from a trip into Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia, where he looked after his coal interests. Mr. Jones says times are somewhat slow in the South.

Eva, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Newton, of South Canonsburg Heights, was seriously injured by jumping from the porch at her home Monday evening and coming in contact with a nail which protruded from the wall of the house.

Robert D. Herbert of Greensburg, member of the board of charities, while over in the Valley a few days ago to inspect the Monongahela hospital came to Monessen. After inspecting the borough lockup there, he declared it to be the best in the Valley. The borough officials were greatly pleased with his verdict.

William C. Wiley, ex-postmaster and tip-staff at Washington, Pa., was stricken with paralysis yesterday. Mr. Wiley was well known here. He was wounded in the leg at Bristow Station and in the right side at Gettysburg. The wounded leg was amputated after the war.

A free for all fight occurred last night at Hazelkirk between the blacks and whites of that place. Ed Pitts, colored, James Tempest, white and a man by the name of Turnhill also white, along with others whose names are not known, were the contestants. The trouble is alleged to have occurred over the check weighman at the Hazelkirk mine. A riot call was sent in to the office of Alderman John W. Sarver to send out armed police.

Mrs. Frank Lowers, a bride of a few months, was horribly burned to death at Fayette City at one o'clock Tuesday. She took a can containing five pounds of powder and was using some of it to blow soot out of the chimney when the entire mass exploded. She was so frightfully burned that she died this evening. The horror of the accident was added to by the fact that the woman was about to become a mother.

The pastors of practically all the churches of Washington have formulated a plan to hold a monster revival in Washington within the next few months. An effort will be made to bring the baseball evangelist, "Billy" Sunday.

The next Legislature will be appealed to in an effort to make all bridges free, according to Representative James F. Woodward of McKeesport. He holds that all bridges should be free because of the road issue, which is a live one at present and provide for free transportation throughout the State. Mr. Woodward's plan is for the State to appropriate a certain amount of money each year to buy bridges in communities where municipalities are not able to buy them.

It is intended for those who appreciate quality, for those gentlemen who enjoy a thoroughly matured, rich Old Kentucky liquor. W. H. HARRIS PER whissey Sold by W. H. Zellers. 2874-W

Chadwick's Choice.

By JANET GREGG.

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After ten years of fried bacon and salt pork the pendulum swung to its opposite extreme for David Chadwick. The goddess of fortune, whom he had long wooed in vain, now turned her face with truly feminine caprice. From bacon and corn bread Dave had been advanced almost overnight to a New York hotel, where his day's board would have bought provisions for a month during his prospecting period.

And still Dave was not satisfied. He did not like what he termed "fussy" foods, and the very length of the bill of fare deprived him of his appetite.

Then it was that Nell Horton came as an angel of deliverance and led him to her home in the suburbs, where Dave devoured all that was put before him and rejoiced in the absence of a bill of fare.

"I don't suppose that this modest meal will appeal to you," said Nell with ostentatious modesty. "We are plain people out here, and after your grand hotel it must seem skimpy, but when I saw you on the avenue I said to myself, 'I'll bet that's Dave Chadwick, and I'm going to ask him home, no matter what he may think.' You haven't changed a mite, Dave, since you left Lawrence."

Now, it is pleasant for a man who realizes that he is beginning to look old to be told that he does not differ in appearance after fifteen years, and for the first time Dave decided that Nell was looking remarkably young herself.

He could not know that Nell had carefully studied the numerous pictures of the new Croesus in the newspapers and had haunted the vicinity of his hotel for days before she had encountered him, apparently by chance, in front of the place.

The Hortons had known Dave in his early life, before he had gone west to seek and eventually find fortune. When the papers had taken up the newly made multimillionaire, as the week before they had taken up the newly born baby elephant of the circus, Nell had read all the stories and had determined that Dave and his millions should become her property.

"He always was a dumb fool," she told her mother. "If we can get hold of him before the others do I'll be mar-



"LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE FACE AND SAY THAT AGAIN."

ried to him before the end of the month. Did you see what the paper said the other day about his cooking bacon in his room and getting the halls all smelly? He's sick of the French stuff the hotels all have, and there is no one to give him what he wants because he does not know where to look for it. We'll have him over here to dinner, and—well, he'll want to come again."

Mrs. Horton had nodded approvingly upon her well preserved daughter, and so the campaign was begun.

They were fortunate in the possession of a dependent relative. The Hortons had an income, small, but assured, and when Cleon Blake had died penniless they had permitted his daughter, Dora, to enter their household nominally as a member of the family, but in reality as a superior cook.

It was she who had cooked the dinner which had so pleased Chadwick and which brought him frequently to the little house. The men who were promoting his syndicate insisted that he must not remove from the hotel to a boarding house where his simpler needs could be suited, and it was only at the Hortons' that he could escape that terrible menu card, with its restaurant French and its overrich sauces.

He did not always want steaks and roasts, and the knowledge that there were good things on the bill which he could not translate only added to his dissatisfaction.

It was after an especially trying meal at the hotel that Dave armed himself with a box of violets and sallied forth to propose to Nell. He had slowly come to the conclusion that Nell was no longer as young as she pretended to be, but she offered escape from the hotel, and he was sick of the place—sick of its cuisine, its grinning bellboys, its servile waiters and its arrogant clerks.

His business sponsors at least could

not object if he married and established a home for himself. "It was a long trip uptown, and much of his courage had oozed away when at last he found himself on the Hortons' stoop. He was rather glad that the maid came to the door. It was a certain sign that Nell was not home, else she would have rushed to the door with ostentatious welcome. This little maid he decidedly approved of."

"They will be back in an hour," said the girl. "They have only gone downtown on a shopping tour, and they will be so sorry to have missed you. Won't you wait?"

Chadwick hesitated and was lost. He went into the little parlor and picked out the most comfortable chair. The girl paused at the door.

"Can I get you anything before I go?" she asked solicitously. "The morning paper is upstairs. I can get it in a moment."

"I'd rather talk," said Chadwick comfortably. He was hungry for congenial companionship, and the little maid was very different from Nell. Sometimes Dave grew a little tired of Nell and her bold flattery.

"I can't stop," cried the girl. "It is baking day, and I have the oven full." "When Miss Horton does all the cooking?" reminded Chadwick. "I shall have to investigate."

He had been so frequent a caller that he knew from which door Nell was accustomed to put in an appearance, her sleeves rolled up and an adorable dab of flour on her sunny chin. Ignoring the frightened protest of the little maid, he pushed his way into the kitchen.

In her embarrassment Dora had forgotten that Nell had claimed the cookery for her own and that upon this talent she had counted for the winning of Chadwick. Now that the cat was out of the bag the probabilities were that Nell would turn her cousin into the street. She inherited a shrewish temper from her mother, and Dora knew that the two women would be implacable.

Chadwick sniffed the spicy odors and turned to the girl.

"So you are the fairy of the kitchen?" he said.

"Nell does all the work. I just watch the things when she goes downtown," denied Dora hastily.

Chadwick put one finger under the dimpled chin and raised the face that he might look straight into the gray eyes.

"Look me straight in the face and say that again," he commanded.

The long lashes fell over the troubled eyes as Dora struggled to make her denial convincing. Chadwick laughed.

"Look here," he said as he released her chin. "I came out here today to ask the hand of the woman who had made me comfortable. It is not that I cared so much about what I had to eat. It is not that I can get a dinner here without having to fight three waiters and the maître d'hôtel. That wasn't what appealed to me, though they do say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. That sounds funny, but really a man doesn't marry just a cook."

"I wanted the woman who of all the million people in this big town cared enough for old friendship to come and rescue me from the maître and the menu. It wasn't just the idea of dinner, but the home. I want a home of my own, and I wanted her to run it for me. But it seems that she did not tell the truth about the cooking. I guess the rest of it is pretty much of the same piece of goods, and it won't stand the wash. It's you I want, little woman, not because you can cook—I don't know just what it is, but I want you."

"You slip on your hat, and we can run down to city hall and get a license and a wedding certificate in no time at all."

"Why, you don't even know my name!" cried the startled girl.

"I can guess," was the prompt reply. "I'm not so forgetful of the man who gave me my first start as not to be able to trace his likeness in Cleon Blake's daughter. They told me that they did not know where you were, and today when I recognized you it was that which first suggested the falsehoods they have been telling and led me to investigate the kitchen. We can pay them back for their food. They'll be content so long as they get a lot of presents. Will you come, Dora?"

Something in his tones appealed to the girl, and she looked into the eager eyes that searched her blushing face. She had been sorry for Chadwick, and pity is akin to love. He read his answer in her eyes, and a great light of gladness came into his own as he bent and reverently kissed the tip of the dainty ear, for her face was hidden against his strong shoulder.

Schools for Animals.

"You never heard of schools for animals?" Well, that shows your ignorance," said the professor.

"There is an elephants' school in Siam," said he. "Young elephants are taught in it to take up and carry in their trunks great teakwood logs—no easy task, for the logs require delicate balancing. They are taught to kneel, to answer to the various strokes of the ankus, or goad, and, like saddle horses, they learn several gaits. Pigs' schools abound the world over. There are schools for white mice, for monkeys, for song birds, not to mention the famous phonograph school for teaching parrots to talk that is the pride of Philadelphia. The big dealers in wild animals usually run small schools where lions, tigers, bears and leopards are taught simple tricks. Such schools are very profitable. Where an untamed lion, salable only to zoos or menageries, fetches but \$250 or so, a broken one will easily fetch double."

RECKLESS AARON BURR.

The Dramatic Story of His Marriage in Old Age.

The story of Aaron Burr's marriage in his old age to the widow of Stephen Jumel, who was well known in the early history of New York city, is a dramatic one.

Conceive, if you will, the picture of Burr, gifted adventurer that he was, broken in health, branded in the popular mind as the murderer of Alexander Hamilton and returning from a long exile to find himself an outcast in the city where he had once been the political monarch of all he surveyed and a distinguished figure in society and at the bar. Conceive, if you can, this lamentable old man, smacking through his wrinkles, bowing and prancing rather stidly because of his rheumatic joints and with his mouth full of pretty platitudes, paying court to the widow of Stephen Jumel, herself in the prime of years and health. Remove from the picture its surface incongruities, and you have a bit of pure pathos unequalled in the annals of foolish great men.

But something of his old time power to charm the gentler sex must have stood by him in his years of mental and physical misery, for in his suit for the widow Jumel's hand and fortune he won gloriously, dramatically. Rebuffed repeatedly, Burr finally declared in passionate rage that on a given day he would arrive at the Jumel mansion accompanied by a clergyman, who should marry them on the spot. He would give his prospective bride no quarter, no chance of escape from the inevitable.

She was amused at the threat and dismissed the old man with more than her usual coldness of demeanor. Burr stuck to his avowal and one July day rolled up in a carriage, and with him was a minister, the same who fifty years before performed the marriage ceremony for Burr and the mother of his daughter, the beautiful Theodosia. There was something of a scene in the old house on this day. There were tears of anger on the part of Burr.

Relatives remonstrated: Burr came immovable. "All feared a maniac," minister, book in hand, stood bravely in the background. They were more tears, more declarations, and they were soon divorced. They were married in the drawing room of the Jumel mansion. Burr squandered with reckless hand the wealth acquired by Stephen Jumel and left for the enjoyment of a marital partner. There were many quarrels between the ill-matched pair and they were soon divorced. Burr died in 1836, but madam lived until 1865, dying a recluse and a miser. Money received from the Jumel estate hoarded in an unused chamber.

Stones and Glass Houses.

The origin of the saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is as follows: At the time of the union of England and Scotland London was inundated with Scotchmen, and the London roughs used to go about at night breaking their windows. Buckingham being considered the chief instigator of the mischief, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, known as the Glass House. The court favored the king, who replied, "Steenle, Steenle, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones!"—New York American.

Mathematics at Oxford.

There is an interesting story which shows the disposition of Oxford toward mathematics. A venerable don who had bought half a dozen books at 3s. 6d. each requested the bookseller to give him a piece of paper for the purpose of arriving at the amount. He then wrote down 3s. 6d. six times, one under the other, and was slowly adding them up when the shopman ventured to point out the shorter method of multiplying one 3s. 6d. by 6. "Dear me!" exclaimed the don. "Really, that is most ingenious, most ingenious!" London Globe.

FURNACE HEATING

Insures a good circulation of warm air and is the cheapest way to heat your residence. If you are going to build, why not have your house piped for a furnace and save the cost of extra chimneys. Call and get estimate. We handle the best makes, XXth Century and Wise, and have experienced men who put them up. We do all kinds of roofing and repair work. Your tin work should be painted every year or two. We can do that or sell you the paint and you can do it. Phone us your wants. Both Phones.

D. N. HALL 412 Fallowfield Avenue

BASEBALL

Charleroi base ball Park

FAIRMONT

VS.

CHARLEROI

July 27, 28, 29

Thursday! Ladies Admitted Free.

THE BERRYMAN'S

Second July Clearance Sale!

Begins Saturday, July 25th

THE SALE THAT WILL SET THE PACE
IN BARGAIN GIVING

It will be the biggest, most enthusiastic sale ever we had. The great stocks that still remain after the spring and early summer's business are now to be closed out at unprecedented low prices. The confidence the public has in our method and advertising always assures us of hearty response to our big sales. We advertise only what we can fulfill. Some of these advertised lots may seem almost too good to be true, but nevertheless you know that we back up every statement with the goods. The main reasons for this great upheaval of merchandise are overstocks and broken assortments, and our determination always to take deep losses rather than carry over goods till a following season.

Piled away up high on counters and long tables are the loveliest Dress Goods Silks, Wash Fabrics, Muslins, White Goods, Laces and Embroideries, also a beautiful line of Women and Children's outer apparel, Muslin Underwear, Hosiery, Knit Underwear and unrivaled stocks of Millinery, Rugs, Carpets and Curtains.

There is really no limit to the bargains. You can save at least a third to a half on everything you buy.

Come Prepared for the Biggest Bargains Ever Known

You will find them here in abundance. Sale begins at 8 a. m., Saturday, July 25th and continues to the last of the month.

For Full Details See Our Circulars. Be Sure and Get One.

Berryman's
CHARLEROI'S LIVE STORE

A HUMAN MACHINE.

He Was Able to Correct a Language
He Did Not Understand.

When Max Muller was preparing his edition of the Rigveda he had, so the story goes, an illustration of the intricate wisdom of the composer. In providing the manuscript for about 6,000 sheets of print the author naturally tripped from time to time. Whenever he did trip, there on his proof was the error queried in a careful hand. Surely, he thought, some unknown scholar in the university must be overlooking his proofs with kindly interest and making the corrections for him. Inquiry showed that this was not the fact. The corrections were the corrections of the man who set up the type. "Did this man, then, know Sanskrit?" Muller asked. Not a bit of it. Use and wont enabled him to detect the errors as a hungry child detects a cooking dinner. The discovery originated through his arm rather than from any intellectual doubt, and that arm was palsied!

This printer had sustained an accident, leaving him with an arm partly paralyzed, and as this made him slower with his setting his masters turned him on to Sanskrit, with which he had had no previous acquaintance. He had to learn upward of 300 types for the work, but he learned them and accustomed himself to the work. Now, many of the letters in Sanskrit cannot follow each other. If they do, must be modified. In writing Muller sometimes forgot these modifications, but they were all marked on the proof. Muller was so interested that he sought out the printer to ask him how he was able to correct a language which he did not understand. The explanation was remarkable: "You see, sir, my arm gets into a regular swing from one compartment of types to another, and there are movements that never occur. So if I suddenly have to take up types which entail a new movement I feel it and put a query." "What a dog's life the 'an' spelling," or Artemus Ward's, which is the same thing, would have caused that marvelous human machine!—St. James' Gazette.

THE BIRD CLOWN.

A Queer Kind of Fellow Is the Yellow Breasted Chat.

The oddities of the yellow breasted chat begin even with his classification. To think of a warbler the size of a Baltimore Oriole, a warbler with a song like a mocking bird! Indeed, there is little about the chat that is not remarkable. He goes in for the weird and the spectacular. If Nature

designed him to show what she could do in the way of the unusual and the eccentric, she had remarkable success.

This bird and not the entire bird is the real "clown of the woods." Clown of the thicket would be more apt, for, like the catbird, he prefers the shrub and lower trees. A wild tangle of briars and vines is a favorite haunt. It is only the better to survey such a retreat that he mounts to the top of a tree. From his lofty perch he sings to the amazement and bewilderment of the person that hears the song for the first time. More likely than not he will become invisible and silent upon the first attempt to approach him, remaining quiet and hidden till you move on again; then he chuckles loudly and scolds and spits and scoffs till you are out of sight and hearing.

No bird is so fearful of being seen or such a master of hide and seek. It is worse than useless to try to steal a march on him. He manages to be always on the wrong side of the next bush. If you should find his nest, which is a pretty little basket of straws and weed stalks lined with fine grasses and strips of soft bark or leaves placed a foot or more above the ground among tall weeds or bushes, the sitting bird steals away and is at once lost to sight. Take a peep at the white, red speckled eggs and then hide among the bushes as far away from the nest as you can while still keeping it in sight. You may have to wait for an hour and even make other trips to the spot, but this is the surest way to get a good look at this shy one.—St. Nicholas.

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever. Doctor—Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! That is all an illusion of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have no fever; you have no brain—no material substance upon which such a wholly imaginary and supposititious thing as a fever could find any base of operation. Victim—Oh, doctor, what a load you have taken from me—from me—I have a mind, haven't I, doctor?—Chicago Tribune.

Pulling That Hair.

"What makes me really mad," said the woman, "is to spend minutes, maybe hours, trying to get hold of a white hair which shows up on my head like a dazzling light, yet which is tantalizingly elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it from the brown hair and give it a vigorous pull to find that I have snatched out a good brown hair, after all, and left the white one still shining."—New York Press.

Anticipating Him.

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out, "Say, Sal, will you?"

"Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes, have you brought the ring?"—Bohemian Magazine.

The Toast of an Irishman.

Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote "Wanderings in Ireland." An old Irishman read a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker, is it?" he commented. "A nice gentleman, I'll go bail. 'Tis a fine country he chose to travel in too. May the heavens be his bed for choosing it, and may every hair in his honor's head be a mold candle to light his soul to glory!"

Logical Conclusion.

First Burglar—Hark! I hear some one talking. Second Burglar—What's he saying? First Burglar—That he never will bet on another horse as long as he lives. Second Burglar—Let's get out of this. No money here. He's lost every cent.—London Tit-Bits.

At Last.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the great explorer joyfully, "at last I have found the missing link!"

And, crawling from under his bed, he proceeded to put the small gold affair in his clean cuff.—New York Journal.

Call of the Wild.

She—Did you ever hear the call of the wild? He—I just guess I did! I wrote a piece once, and I heard the audience calling for the author.—Yonkers Statesman.

At the Quick Lunch.

Bill—You say he's old fashioned? Jill—Well I should say so! Why, he chews his food!—Yonkers Statesman.

Grateful Affection.

"I love my country passing well!" The officeholder cried, with gloe, "I ought to love it, truth to tell, 'Since it has been so good to me!"—Washington Star.

Sizing It Up.

"Is it fair," remarked the observer of events and things, "to judge an ice-man's conscience by the size of the piece of ice you find on your doorstep?"—Yonkers Statesman.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. James K. Johnson has left for Foxen, Conn., for a visit with her mother.

Harry Gehring has left for Philadelphia and Atlantic City to spend his vacation.

Grover Clelland has left for Hartford City, Ind., where he will accept employment.

Frank Arrison left this morning for Philadelphia and Atlantic City to spend several days.

Mr. A. V. McGovern of Chicago, Ill., is spending a few days in Charleroi with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Garrows of Pittsburg were in Charleroi yesterday calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Clark have left for Beaver Falls to spend a few days with relatives.

Armour Craven of Scenery Hill was calling on friends and transacting business in Charleroi yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Smith and son Harold have left for the mountains near Uniontown where they will spend several days.

Mrs. E. F. O'Brien of Washington is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Riley of McKean avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carroll leave this evening for Philadelphia and Atlantic City where they will sojourn for several days.

BARNUM'S OLD LION.

How the Great Showman Turned His Death to Account.

Among the features of the parades of the Barnum circus there was formerly one that never failed to attract attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd.

But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leonine dotage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous puppies.

One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the slumbering jungle spirit stirred his pulse, and, with a crashing blow of the huge fore paw, the cow was slain; then, lying down beside his victim, he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his faroff African home.

In the morning the owner of the cow, a stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen edged ax in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

His Idea of Him.

Bill—Did you go to see that boy actor last night? Jill—Yes. "Did he get a hand?" "What he ought to have got was a shingle."—Yonkers Statesman.

Changed.

As man and wife poor Peck and she Their married life began, But that was months ago, you see; Now they are wife and man. —Denver News-Times.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion (10 PAID IN ADVANCE). No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Building McKean Avenue. Third floor front. All conveniences. Inquire George Schuylers Office. 254tf

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Inquire 7 Mail office. 294tf

WANTED—Sewing by the day or week. Children's sewing a specialty. 819 Fallowfield Avenue. 294tf

FOUND—Bread pin. Owner can have same by calling at 410 Fallowfield Avenue, identifying same and pay for this advertisement.

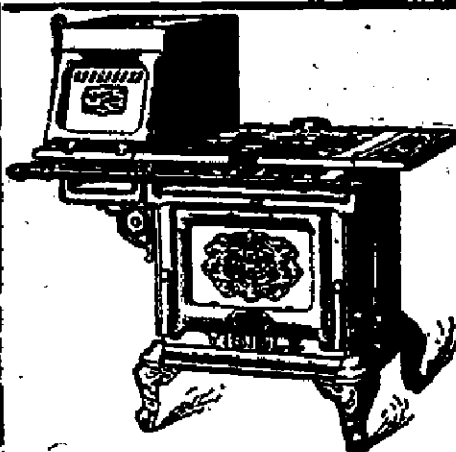
Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.



J. M. FLEMING

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers, Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building Charleroi, Pa.

Always Ready to Serve You

Men pass away. The individual Executor or Trustee is just as likely to die as you are, but the life of the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company is perpetual. It is always ready to serve you. It never neglects its work. It is ever faithful to its trust.

When making your will appoint the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company as your Executor. It is empowered by law to act as Executor, Trustee, Guardian and Administrator.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, \$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR

Charleroi Savings & Trust Co.

CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.

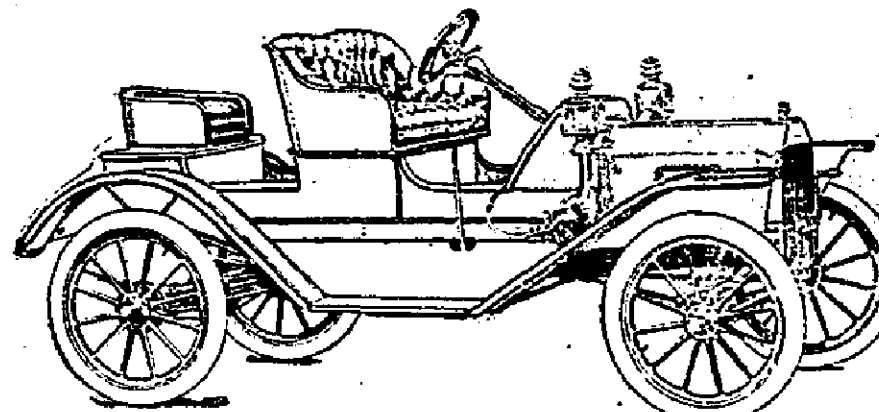
4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts Compounded twice a year

Capital and Undivided Profits \$143,000.00

FAMOUS FORD ROADSTER

Model S

Price \$750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always has the BEST.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our foremost aim is not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigorous scrutiny on every part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city. Write for particulars.

Crescent Automobile Co.

5912-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Phone 480 Highland

Read the Mail

A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods, the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine lists we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,

J. J. KING, Retail Manager,

Fallowfield Ave.

... BRICK ...

California Clay Manufacturing Co.

Get our Prices on

Common and Face Brick

Room 21, Trust Co. Bldg.

CHARLEROI, PA.

Entered second class mail at Charleston, June 15, 1962, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

One-Center

Read The Mail

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Published Daily Except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.

JOHN P. SLOAN, President
S. W. SHARPNOSE, Sec'y & Treas.
J. L. LANE, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.,
second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, \$3.00
Six Months, \$1.50
Three Months, .75
All subscriptions payable in advance.
Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six
cents per week. Communications of public interest are al-
ways welcome, but as an evidence of good
faith, and not necessarily for publication,
they invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES
Bell 76 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press
Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first
insertion. Rates for large space con-
tracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as
business notices, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
that in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and estray notices,
bank notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Migh, Charleroi
Geo. Collins, Speers
H. Doolley, Duquesne
J. A. Clements, Lock No. 1

July 23 In History.

1790—Land battle of
Aboukir; Bonaparte
almost annihilated
the Turkish army.
1816—Charlotte Saunders
Cushman, actress,
born; died 1876.
1866—Great riot in Hyde
park, London; reform U. S. Grant
meeting broken up by the police.
1885—General Grant died in the Drexel
cottage at Mount McGregor;
born 1822.
1906—183 members of the defunct
douma met at Viborg, Finland,
and issued a revolutionary man-
ifesto.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:20, rises 4:45; moon rises
1:33 a. m.; moon's age, 20 days; planet
Mercury visible low in east.

Courts Disagree.

The United States Circuit Court of
Illinois has reversed the decision of
Judge Landis, in which he fined the
Standard Oil Company twenty-nine
millions of dollars for accepting re-
bates on oil shipments.

This reversal was generally looked
for by those who have attentively fol-
lowed the case, but it would have been
received with greater confidence had
the court been composed of other men
than Grosscup, Baker and Seaman.
As far as personal probity is concerned
Grosscup has no better reputation in
Chicago than "Bainhouse John," or
any other of the "gray wolf" tribe of
por-house grafter, and as for Baker, he
occupies the bench as the result of a
corrupt deal, involving his father who
was also a Federal Judge.

To the lay mind these decisions and
legal proceedings are confusing. Here
was a case where the acts committed
against the welfare of the people were
of such moral turpitude as to have
had incurred an enormous fine and to
call forth the strongest condemnatory
language from the court reversing the
decision, yet no one is criminally
prosecuted. The statements of the
court show that men and their busi-
ness have been ruined, towns desolated
and their inhabitants beggared. Sure-
ly a corps of Cossacks could do no
more. Yet the men performing those
things walk the streets unmolested
while courts pettifog and split legal
hairs in a manner unworthy even of a
moot court.

These not lost in a maze of legal
cobwebs ask, why are those men not
prosecuted in the criminal courts? The
true answer to that will have to be
given or there will be a political up-
heaval in this country.

Why This Delay?

Judge Anderson of the Federal Court
of the District of Columbia, has cited
John Mitchell, Samuel Gompers and
Frank Morrison, of the American Fed-
eration of Labor to appear before him
next month to show cause why they
should not be punished for contempt
of court, for disobeying an injunction
issued by him relative to the Buck

store company of St. Louis.

The acts performed by Gompers and
claimed to be a violation of Judge
Anderson's injunction, were done last
November. Mitchell's disobedience
was done last January. Why, then,
was this matter postponed until right
at the beginning of a campaign in
which injunction is one of the leading
issues? Gompers' act was committed
in the District of Columbia, right
under Anderson's nose, yet he was
seven months before taking action.

A Judgment.

The Sabbath Observance movement
has descended upon Charleroi as a
judgment for the jibes of its press
about the Drug Store Syndicate of
Achesontown.—Connellsville Courier.

But with this difference: Over in
Moral-Spot-On-Catfish a few petty
dealers in "tonics" were the burnt
offerings to the "unco guid," while
the Drug Store Dynasty went free and
continues to sell whiskey to a select
circle of patrons unmolested.

Here a few foreign born citizens
were haled with a great fanfare of
trumpets and fined for selling fruit.
Of course the pure and virtuous
gentleman behind the prosecution of
the foreign born citizens can give all
kinds of reasons to show how selling
a melon is a violent infraction of the
moral code, and at the same time
prove that the sale of a glass of fruit-
line is a very moral and commendable
act.

As for any "judgment" in the case,
if a desire to make a few unsophisti-
cated citizens, who merely follow the
custom that they see their neighbors
do with impunity is a "judgment,"
the meaning of the word must have
entirely changed from that which was
usually given it. People here have a
"shorter and uglier word" to tell
what instigated the proceedings.

The Air Let Out

The Democratic State Committee,
which met at Harrisburg, yesterday,
let the air out of the compressor and
the Bryan-Kerr machine completely
collapsed.

It is one thing to deprive a man of
his rights by frenzied mob tactics but
it is altogether a different thing to make
it stick with people who know their
rights and are not afraid to maintain
them.
Of course there will come an awful
howl over the matter from the Wana-
maker stripe of politicians who had a
nice little deal made up with the Kerr
people to control the next legislature
and defeat the will of the Republican
voters, as expressed at the primaries
last April, but the Republican party
thoroughly understands that those hit
the hardest will howl the loudest. As
Burns truly said, "The best laid plans
of mice and men gang aft agley."

A Good Idea.

There is another class of harpies in
addition to the so-called detective
agencies that the law should get after
with a sharp stick and is that species of
heartless and vulgar swindles known
as employment agencies.

The victims of these swindles are
as widely extended as the country. In
every case of peonage tried in the
Southern States the revolting testi-
mony showed that the victims of that
system worse than slavery had been
sent to his fate through some one of
these nests of human vultures.

Indeed so horrible were the details
that the governments of Austro-Hun-
gary, Italy, Greece and Russia issued
a circular note to their consular agents
telling them to warn their subjects
not to accept employment through
these employment agencies. The pity
and the shame of the whole business is,
that great newspapers with still great-
er pretensions to a lofty code of morals
accepting what may be properly termed
blood money and lend their columns
to the furtherance of these rascally
schemes.

Take the Pittsburgh papers as an ex-
ample. From six to a dozen copies of
the Chicago Daily Tribune come to
each office. For the past six months
there have been daily exposures of the
bald scoundrelism of the Hapgoods,
the Elliotts and the whole raft of
swindlers. Those Pittsburgh papers
must know that the Hapgoods and the
Elliots et al have been doing the
use of the mails. Deprived of license
to do business in Illinois for practices
beside which burglary is decent. Yet

the Pittsburgh papers dare their ad-
vertisements to lure other victims to
the same.

What is needed is a state system of
employment agencies, similar to that
of Illinois, where in each industrial
centre the State maintains an employ-
ment bureau, where the jobless man
or woman can leave their address and
where employers can find help. The
State owes to the cause of humanity
to root out the so-called employment
agencies, in order that our adopted
citizens shall be freed from one mean
form of swindling.

A Case.

You do not see people as a general
thing wearing shoes that do not fit
fairly well. Usually when a person
is in need of a pair of shoes he picks
out those that fit him.

Progress of Donora Bridge.

The false work between the second
and third piers of the Donora side of
the Donora-Webster bridge was finish-
ed yesterday and some of the steel
work was put into place. The Don-
ora Sons and Company intend to finish
this span this week and will rush
the work with all possible speed.

The compressed air tank with com-
pressor and engine have been installed
and, to use the bridgemen's expres-
sion, the "guns" were at work yester-
day. These "guns" are compressed
air hammers used to rivet the bolts
on the bridge. Yesterday there were
about 500 bolts riveted but this was
only a starter. Plenty of steel is on
the ground to keep the workmen
going so there will be no delay from
this cause.

THE SUN A PUZZLE.

We See Only the Outer Shells of the
Great Blazing Orb.

The great ball of fire which we call
the sun is not really the sun. No one
has ever seen the sun. A series of
concentric shells envelopes a nucleus
of which we know absolutely nothing
except that it must be almost infinitely
hotter than the fiercest furnace and
that it must amount to more than nine-
tenths of the solar mass.

That nucleus is the real sun, forever
hidden from us. The outermost of the
enveloping shells is about 5,000 miles
thick and is called the chromosphere.
It is a gaseous fluid, tinted with the
scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furiously
active that it spurts up great
tongues of glowing gas (prominences)
to the height of thousands of miles.

Time was when this agitated sea of
crimson fire could be seen to advantage
only during an eclipse. Now special in-
struments are used which enable as-
tronomers to study it in the full glare
of the sun.

Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond
the prominences even, lies the nebulous
pallid corona visible only during the
vanishing moments of a total eclipse,
aggregating not more than seven days
in a century.

No one has ever satisfactorily ex-
plained how the highly attenuated
matter composing both the promi-
nences and the corona is supported
without falling back into the sun un-
der the pull of solar gravitation. Now
that Arrhenius has cosmically annulled
the effects of light pressure a solution
is presented.

How difficult it is to account for
such delicate streamers as the promi-
nences on the sun is better compre-
hended when we fully understand how
relentlessly powerful is the grip of
solar gravitation.

If the sun were a habitable globe
and you could transport yourself to its
surface, you would find yourself pulled
down so forcibly by gravitation that
you would weigh two tons, assuming
that you are an ordinary human being.
Your clothing alone would weigh
more than a hundred pounds. Baseball
could be played in a solar drawing
room, for there would be some diffi-
culty in throwing a ball more than
thirty feet.

Tennis would be degraded to a form
of outdoor pingpong.
From these considerations it is plain
that gravitation on the sun would tend
to prevent the formation of any lam-
bent streamers and to pull down to its
surface masses of any size.—Harper's
Magazine.

The Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty now
in existence is that of the convention
between Rameses II., king of Egypt,
and the Prince of Kheta, which em-
braces the articles of a permanent of-
fensive and defensive alliance, with
clauses providing for the extradition of
emigrants, deserters, criminals and
skilled workmen. This treaty was
drawn up in the fourteenth century
B. C. and is the earliest record that
we have of any international transac-
tion.

Her Uncooked Gown.

Miss Fluffign—Miss Newthought has
gone the limit with her vegetarianism!
Miss Furbelow—Why, what is her lat-
est? Miss Fluffign—She actually re-
fuses to wear anything but raw silk
gowns now.—New York Press.

Time to Be Diplomatic.

When a woman shows you the pic-
ture of her baby remember that you
will get into trouble, nine times out of
ten, if you say exactly what you think.
—Somerville Journal.

PASTIMES OF MADMEN.

Counting and Imaginary Displayed by
the Lunatics.

Some of the inventions of the insane
are of scientific value. A patient at
Villjoir invented a "panification ma-
chine" by combining a bottle, a plank
and small metallic tubes, to which he
had attached a pump. Carrying out his
machine, he produced loaves of bread
the size of a man's head. The bread
was good—so good that it was decided
to make the machine known. One day
when it was in action the doctor sug-
gested taking a photograph of it. The
inventor watched him as if petrified
for a moment; then he fell upon the
machine, wrenched it apart and tramp-
ed it underfoot. The invention, an
exceedingly useful one, was lost, be-
cause no one had seen him make it,
and no one dares speak of it to him.
To allude to it is to bring on a furious
attack.

Most lunatics, no matter how content-
ed they may be, generally cherish a
furtive longing to escape. They col-
lect wax from the polished floors, take
the impressions of locks and make keys
from empty sardine boxes, spoon han-
dles or anything to be found. Dr. Ma-
rie's museum includes a collection of
knives of strange and unheard of
shapes. Some of them have blades
made from pieces of glass or slate and
set in handles of corset steels. Objects
harmless in themselves become dan-
gerous weapons through the ingenuity
of madmen.

Insane sculptors are as common as
insane painters. The insane sculptor
hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic
animals, ferocious little horned and
grinning devils. An ex-mechanic
carves all his soap bones. That his old
trade is still in his memory is shown
by the little screws that he makes out
of the smaller pieces of bone. He
works all day at his senseless and
ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who
believes he is the incarnation of the
soul of Beelzebub, passes his time
carving toy men out of wood. Each
pair of his creations are joined to-
gether, now at the necks, now at the
shoulders.—Helen E. Meyer in Har-
per's Weekly.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

They Succeeded the System of Nomi-
nation by Caucus.

Conventions have not always nomi-
nated our presidents and vice presi-
dents. For more than thirty years
presidential candidates were named by
a caucus made up of members of the
house and the senate. This system
died when in 1824 the caucus insisted
upon by Martin Van Buren and other
friends of William H. Crawford of
Georgia defeated Crawford, which
threw the election into the house on
account of the scattering electoral vote
caused by the entrance of Clay, Cal-
houn, Jackson and John Quincy Adams
in the race. This fracas elected Adams.
The campaign of 1828 in consequence
was somewhat demoralized, and in
1831 the Republicans followed the ex-
ample the anti-Masonic party had set
the year before and met in conven-
tion in Baltimore to nominate Henry
Clay. The Democrats held their first
national convention in the same city
the following year, nominating Martin
Van Buren for vice president. The
dominating figure of the party, Andrew
Jackson, needed no endorsement of his
candidate for the presidency.

The Democrats in 1835 and 1840
nominated Van Buren for the presi-
dency in Baltimore, and the Whigs
nominated Clay in the same place in
1844, when the Democrats named Polk.
In 1855 Romulus M. Saunders intro-
duced the two-thirds rule to the Demo-
cratic convention, and it was adopted.
The customs installed at these earlier
conventions which succeeded the tyranny
of the caucus chamber have been
continued and added to from time to
time, and the conventions today are
merely the descendants of those that
nominated Clay and Van Buren.—
Charles Wadsworth Camp in Metro-
politan Magazine.

Horizon.

A man calls it the horizon where the
earth and the sky seem to meet, but a
woman's notion of the horizon is the
families she can see moving in from
behind her front window curtains. If,
further, they hang out their washing
in a spirit of candor, they are, of
course, all the more so. The horizon
is caused by a number of things, chief
among them the gregarious instinct.
Only for this next door would mean as
little as tariff revision or pure food or
international arbitration. It takes a
star or something of that sort to rise
above the horizon, but a very ordinary
woman may feel above it.—Life.

The Cult of the Hotel.

"Hotel" is a French word, but a
thoroughly British institution. If its
great hotels were suppressed London
would no longer be London—that is to
say, the London of society, the theater,
literature, politics, art and fashion.
The hotel is one of the essential factors
of London life.—Milan Corriere Della
Sera.

A Comparison.

Mrs. Giles (anxiously asking after
rector's health)—Well, sir, I be glad
you says you be well, but there—you
be one of these "bad doers," as I calls
'em (gle 'em the best o' vittels, and it
don't do 'em no good)—there be pigs
like that!—London Punch.

First Necessity.

"How would you define a 'crying
need'?" asked the teacher of the
rhetoric class.
"A handkerchief," replied the solemn
young man with the wicked eye.—Chi-
cago Tribune.

The great and the little have need
of each other.—Shakespeare.

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Pct
Uniontown	43	25	.632
Clarksburg	45	30	.600
Charleroi	35	32	.522
Connellsville	33	35	.486
Fairmont	32	42	.432
Scottdale	22	46	.324

Yesterday's Results.

Clarksburg	5	Charleroi	1
Fairmont	8	Scottdale	0
Uniontown	4	Connellsville	1
Uniontown	3	Connellsville	2

Games Today

Charleroi at Clarksburg
Scottdale at Fairmont
Uniontown at Connellsville

Experience Contribution.

Poetic Friend—Some one says a baby
in the house is a wellspring of joy.
Exasperated Young Parent—Well, don't
you believe it. As an element of en-
joyment a baby in the house is a
screaming farce.—Baltimore American.

Dear, Innocent Thing!

Hubby (while dressing)—That con-
founded trial balance was running in
my head all night. Wife—John, you
must tell the manager, and maybe he
will give you extra pay for working
overtime.—Boston Transcript.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued
out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wash-
ington County, and to me directed, on which
execution and return are returned, there
will be exposed at public sale at the Sheriff's
Sales Room in the Court House in the
Borough of Washington, Washington
County, Pa., on Saturday, the 25th day of
August, 1908, at 12 o'clock, p. m., of said
day the following described real estate,
viz:

All the right, title and interest of the
defendant in and to all that certain piece or
parcel of land lying between Ninth Street
and a 15 feet wide alley in McMahon Addition
County, Pa., Washington County, and
State of Pennsylvania and described as
follows:
Beginning at the point on the west side of
Crest Avenue and north side of Lot No. 3,
thence along the north side of the Lot No. 3,
in a westerly direction a distance of 130 feet
to a 20 feet wide alley, thence along the east
side of said alley a distance of 28 feet to a
northerly direction, thence along the south
side of the lot 91 in an easterly direction a
distance of 120 feet to Crest Avenue, thence
along the west side of Crest Avenue, in a
northerly direction a distance of 25 feet to
place of beginning.
Being known and designated lot No. 99 as
shown on the plan of McMahon Addition
County, Pa., which is recorded in Washing-
ton County, Pa.

Taken in execution as the property of
George Schall alias George Sella, at the
suit of Farmers & Merchants' National
Bank, for use of D. G. Grib.
John C. Murphy, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Washington, Pa.
July 21, 1908. J-23-20-0-7

TEXAS

Our Next Excursion Leaves Pitts-
burg in the Evening of
July 6, 1908.

The Panhandle of Texas offers the very
best inducements of the entire United
States for the man who wishes to locate on
a good farm as well as for the investor.
This land is unusually fertile, it has fine
and level, no stumps or underbrush to clear
out, but ready to plow at once. On this land
you can raise larger crops of every kind
with less labor than on farm land in Penn-
sylvania or West Virginia.
There is an abundance of rainfall during the
crop growing season, and they have the
healthiest and most pleasant climate during
the entire year of any place in the United
States. Plenty of absolutely fresh
water.

We are selling this land for \$10 to \$25 an
acre, according to the quality of the soil.
Good terms. You can buy as
many acres as you want, and make as much
or more than the cost of your land in the
first year.
For the first time in the history of Texas,
you should investigate this proposition at once
by going with us on our next excursion.
Now is your chance before the land is all
sold. The cost of our excursion is \$10.00 per
person, and we will give you a list of the
land to be sold in the Panhandle of Texas.
We will pay your expenses of making the trip
if we have misrepresented the land.

KURTZ & SEEHAUSEN
301 Commonwealth Bldg., 306 Fourth Ave.,
Pittsburg, Pa.
AGENTS WANTED



A First Class Finish
Good True Colors
Staying, Serviceable Qualities
LUSTRO PAINT—A true protection
and beautifier for anything that needs
painting.

For sale in Charleroi by
Buckholdt Hardware Co.

Howard's Repair Shop,

Lawn Mowers Sharpened by
special machine.

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Corner 4th street and McKean Avenue

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Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY
Orders Given Prompt Attention.
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Trimmed Hats—Up-to-date
we offer them. If you have
what we will make.

M. O. Vetter

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Suits made to order. If you
want we will make.

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General practice of medicine and sur-
gery in town and country. Bell phone 182-4
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9 p. m.

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DAVISTOWN, GREENE COUNTY.
All kinds of butchers stock for sale. F
cows a specialty. Write to above or
quire of S. E. Wilson, Mail Building.

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Repairing of guns and revolvers of all ki
Locks and Keys furnished to order.
Shop 1010 McKean Ave., Charleroi.

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Carriage and Automobile Painter
Bring your Carriage and Automobile a
have them painted in modern style.
99 LINCOLN AVE. CHARLEROI.

Samuel Leonard

Livery, board and sales stable; special re-
ception paid to weddings and funerals. Op-
en all hours. We solicit your trade.
Office and Stable at 322 Fallowfield Avenue

Straw Hats Cleaned

WHILE YOU WAIT

Sanitary Barber Shop



THIRD WEEK Great Annual July Sale of SHOES

Opened this morning with increased interest and attractiveness. Additional bargains in

Men's, Women's and Children's

OXFORDS AND SHOES

IN WHITE, TAN and BLACK GOODS are brought forward daily—and thousands are taking advantage of the economies offered—

Sample Shoe Store

HERE AND THERE

The number of men employed in the coal mines of Washington county is estimated by Organizer George Geisler to be between 20,000 and 22,000. The outlook at present could not be better, all the mines being operated to their full capacity.

There are 177 cases on the docket for the August term of criminal court. The list comprises about a dozen cases carried over from the May term.

Washington people on Sunday are to have the privilege of hearing at the First Christian church the Rev. W. D. Cunningham, an independent missionary to Japan. The obstacle which he surmounted to reach the goal of his ambition stamp him as a man of indomitable will and force of character.

The Slaves of Manifold are recovering from exuberant festivities of a celebration attendant upon the marriage of two of their kinsmen. John Zippell and Mary Finsck, who were married Monday morning in Canonsburg. The celebration cost the groom \$300 for refreshments, but the couple is about \$200 ahead on the dish breaking part of the celebration.

Steps were taken by the court yesterday looking to the revocation of the liquor license of two hotels in Fayette county. One of the places is that of William G. Marqua, of Conneville, known as the Trans-Allegheny House, and the other is that of Bernard O'Connor, New Haven, known as the Columbia Hotel. Both the men are now in bankruptcy.

Patrick Connelly, aged 79 years, a well known coke worker, died suddenly at his home this morning at Orient. Deceased was well known in Conneville and had worked at Trotter for many years. He was born in County Galway, Ireland and came to this country when a lad.

The H. C. Frick Coke company is making material contributions to prosperity by building a number of new plants. We do not believe that they are actuated by political motives, but if they are it's good politics.

District Attorney Davis Henderson this morning received a letter from Chief of Police Peter Kenny, of McKeesport, in which he requests information regarding Alex. Townsend, who is in Uniontown jail on two serious charges of assault on little girls. The McKeesport official says that Townsend is accused of the same crime in McKeesport and that he will remove Townsend if Fayette county will give him up.

After hundreds have worked years to perfect a contrivance that would prevent the flying off of the trolley wheels on electricity cars it remained for Postmaster S. B. Sicklesmith of New Haven to solve the problem. Mr. Sicklesmith yesterday received notice of the allowance of a patent upon which he has worked for 14 years.

Mr. Pleasant has decided to join the Conneville merchants in their picnic to Kennywood Park on August 6 and do its share toward the booming of the project for a deeper Yoough river. This decision was reached at a meeting held in the Opera House last evening and it is likely that the stages will be closed on this day and the whole town turn out to give the movement for a deeper river a strong boost.

Mr. Pleasant township road commissioners will build another half mile of brick road this year. It will be on the Canonsburg and Hickory

The cut for the trolley line through the Curry farm, east of Canonsburg, has been about completed and the stone abutment has been moved to a point further east on the line.

The races at the Dawson driving park this year promises to be the best ever held in the coke region. Interest has been added to the event by the offering for four \$1,000 sweepstakes prizes in addition to the usual \$400 purses. The meet this year will be held this week, July 21, 22, 23 and 24.

A meeting of the stockholders and directors of the Canonsburg Poultry and Pet Stock association was held Monday evening in the office of Geo. C. McPeake, in East Pike street. The meeting was well attended and from reports made it was shown that the association is now on firm footing and that the first show to be held in January will be a great success.

D. G. Jones, who is the general manager of the Pittsburgh-Buffalo company, has just returned from a trip into Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia, where he looked after his coal interests. Mr. Jones says times are somewhat slow in the South.

Era, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Newton, of South Canonsburg Heights, was seriously injured by jumping from the porch at her home Monday evening and coming in contact with a nail which protruded from the wall of the house.

Robert D. Herbert of Greensburg, member of the board of charities, while over in the Valley a few days ago to inspect the Monongahela hospital came to Monessen. After inspecting the borough lockup there, he declared it to be the best in the Valley. The borough officials were greatly pleased with his verdict.

William C. Wiley, ex-postmaster and tip-staff at Washington, Pa., was stricken with paralysis yesterday. Mr. Wiley was well known here. He was wounded in the leg at Bristow Station and in the right side at Gettysburg. The wounded leg was amputated after the war.

A free for all fight occurred last night at Hazelkirk between the blacks and whites of that place. Ed Pitts, colored, James Tempest, white and a man by the name of Turnhill also white, along with others whose names are not known, were the contestants. The trouble is alleged to have occurred over the check weighman at the Hazelkirk mine. A riot call was sent in to the office of Alderman John W. Sarver to send out armed police.

Mrs. Frank Lowers, a bride of a few months, was horribly burned to death at Fayette City at one o'clock Tuesday. She took a can containing five pounds of powder and was using some of it to blow soot out of the chimney when the entire mass exploded. She was so frightfully burned that she died this evening. The horror of the accident was added to by the fact that the woman was about to become a mother.

The pastors of practically all the churches of Washington have formulated a plan to hold a monster revival in Washington within the next few months. An effort will be made to bring the baseball evangelist, "Billy" Sunday.

The next Legislature will be appealed to in an effort to make all bridges free, according to Representative James F. Woodward of McKeesport. He holds that all bridges should be free because of the road issue, which is a live one at present and provide for free transportation throughout the State. Mr. Woodward's plan is for the State to appropriate a certain amount of money each year to buy bridges in communities where municipalities are not able to buy them.

It is intended for those who appreciate quality, for those gentlemen who enjoy a thoroughly matured, rich Old Kentucky liquor. W. H. HARRIS, PER whiskey sold by W. H. Zellers.

Chadwick's Choice.

BY JANET GREEN

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After ten years of fried bacon and salt pork the pendulum swung to its opposite extreme for David Chadwick. The goddess of fortune, whom he had long wooed in vain, now turned her face with truly feminine caprice. From bacon and corn bread Dave had been advanced almost overnight to a New York hotel, where his day's board would have bought provisions for a month during his prospecting period. And still Dave was not satisfied. He did not like what he termed "fussy" foods, and the very length of the bill of fare deprived him of his appetite.

Then it was that Nell Horton came as an angel of deliverance and led him to her home in the suburbs, where Dave devoured all that was put before him and rejoiced in the absence of a bill of fare.

"I don't suppose that this modest meal will appeal to you," said Nell with ostentatious modesty. "We are not used to the sort, and after your grand hotel it must seem skimpy, but when I saw you on the avenue I said to myself, 'I'll bet that's Dave Chadwick, and I'm going to ask him home, no matter what he may think.' You haven't changed a mite, Dave, since you left Lawrence."

Now, it is pleasant for a man who realizes that he is beginning to look old to be told that he does not differ in appearance after fifteen years, and for the first time Dave decided that Nell was looking remarkably young herself.

He could not know that Nell had carefully studied the numerous pictures of the new Croesus in the newspapers and had located the vicinity of his hotel ten days before she had encountered him apparently by chance, in front of the place.

The Hortons had known Dave in his early life, before he had gone west to seek and eventually find fortune. When the papers had taken up the newly made multimillionaire, as the week before they had taken up the newly born baby elephant of the circus, Nell had read all the stories and had determined that Dave and his millions should become her property.

"He always was a dumb fool," she told her mother. "If we can get hold of him before the others do I'll be mar-



"LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE FACE AND SAY THAT AGAIN."

ried to him before the end of the month. Did you see what the paper said the other day about his cooking bacon in his room and getting the halls all smelly? He's sick of the French stuff the hotels all have, and there is no one to give him what he wants because he does not know where to look for it. We'll have him over here to dinner, and—well, he'll want to come again."

Mrs. Horton had nodded approvingly upon her well preserved daughter, and so the campaign was begun.

They were fortunate in the possession of a dependent relative. The Hortons had an income, small but assured, and when Cleon Blake had died penniless they had permitted his daughter, Dora, to enter their household nominally as a member of the family, but in reality as a superior cook.

It was she who had cooked the dinner which had so pleased Chadwick and which brought him frequently to the little house. The men who were promoting his syndicate insisted that he must not remove from the hotel to a boarding house where his simpler needs could be suited, and it was only at the Hortons' that he could escape that terrible menu card, with its restaurant French and its overrich sauces.

He did not always want steaks and roasts, and the knowledge that there were good things on the bill which he could not translate only added to his dissatisfaction.

It was after an especially trying meal at the hotel that Dave armed himself with a box of violets and sallied forth to propose to Nell. He had slowly come to the conclusion that

not object if he married and established a home for himself.

It was a long trip uptown, and much of his courage had oozed away when at last he found himself on the Hortons' stoop. He was rather glad that the maid came to the door. It was a certain sign that Nell was not home, else she would have rushed to the door with ostentatious welcome. This little maid he decidedly approved of.

"They will be back in an hour," said the girl. "They have only gone downtown on a shopping tour, and they will be so sorry to have missed you. Won't you wait?"

Chadwick hesitated and was lost. He went into the little parlor and picked out the most comfortable chair. The girl paused at the door.

"Can I get you anything before I go?" she asked solicitously. "The morning paper is upstairs. I can get it in a moment."

"I'd rather talk," said Chadwick comfortably. He was hungry for congenial companionship, and the little maid was very different from Nell. Sometimes Dave grew a little tired of Nell and her bold flattery.

"I can't stop," cried the girl. "It is baking day, and I have the oven full."

"When Miss Horton does all the cooking," reminded Chadwick, "I shall have to be content with the

He had been so frequent a caller that he knew from which door Nell was accustomed to put in an appearance, her sleeves rolled up and an admirable dab of flour on her saucy chin. Ignoring the frightened protests of the little maid, he pushed his way into the kitchen.

In her embarrassment Dora had forgotten that Nell had claimed the cooking for her own and that upon this talent she had counted for the winning of Chadwick. Now that the cat was out of the bag the probabilities were that Nell would turn her cousin into the street. She inherited a shrewish temper from her mother, and Dora knew that the two women would be implacable.

Chadwick sniffed the spicy odors and turned to the girl.

"So you are the fairy of the kitchen?" he said.

"Well, does all the work. I just watch the things when she goes downtown," denied Dora hastily.

Chadwick put one finger under the dimpled chin and raised the face that he might look straight into the gray eyes.

"Look me straight in the face and say that again," he commanded.

The long lashes fell over the troubled eyes as Dora struggled to make her denial convincing. Chadwick caught her chin.

"Look here," he said as he released her chin. "I came out here today to ask the hand of the woman who had made me comfortable. It is not that I cared so much about what I had to eat. It is not that I can get a dinner here without having to fight three waiters and the maître d'hotel. That wasn't what appealed to me, though they do say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. That sounds funny, but really a man doesn't marry just a cook."

"I wanted the woman who of all the million people in this big town cared enough for old friendship to come and rescue me from the maigre and the menu. It wasn't just the idea of dinner, but the home. I want a home of my own, and I wanted her to run it for me. But it seems that she did not tell the truth about the cooking. I guess the rest of it is pretty much of the same piece of goods, and it won't stand the wash. It's you I want, little woman, not because you can cook—I don't know just what it is, but I want you."

"You slip on your hat, and we can run down to city hall and get a license and a wedding certificate in no time at all."

"Why, you don't even know my name?" cried the startled girl.

"I can guess," was the prompt reply. "I'm not so forgetful of the man who gave me my first start as not to be able to trace his likeness in Cleon Blake's daughter. They told me that they did not know where you were, and today when I recognized you it was that which first suggested the falsehoods they have been telling and led me to investigate the kitchen. We can pay them back for their food. They'll be content so long as they get a lot of presents. Will you come, Dora?"

Something in his tones appealed to the girl, and she looked into the eager eyes that searched her blushing face. She had been sorry for Chadwick, and pity is akin to love. He read his answer in her eyes, and a great light of gladness came into his own as he bent and reverently kissed the tip of the dainty ear, for her face was hidden against his strong shoulder.

Schools For Animals.

"You never heard of schools for animals? Well, that shows your ignorance," said the professor.

"There is an elephants' school in Slam," said he. "Young elephants are taught in it to take up and carry in their trunks great teakwood logs—no easy task, for the logs require delicate balancing. They are taught to kneel to answer to the various strokes of the ankus, or goad, and like saddle horses, they learn several gaits. Pets' schools abound the world over. There are schools for white mice, for monkeys, for song birds, not to mention the famous phonograph school for teaching parrots to talk. That is the pride of Minneapolis. The big dealers in wild animals usually run small schools where lions, tigers, bears and leopards are taught simple tricks. Such schools are very profitable. Where an untamed lion, salable only to zoos or menageries, fetches but \$250 or so, a trained one will easily fetch double."

NECKLESS AARON BURR.

The Dramatic Story of His Marriage in Old Age.

The story of Aaron Burr's marriage in his old age to the widow of Stephen Jumel, who was well known in the early history of New York city, is a dramatic one.

Conceive, if you will, the picture of Burr, gifted adventurer that he was, broken in health, branded in the popular mind as the murderer of Alexander Hamilton and returning from a long exile to find himself an outcast in the city where he had once been the political monarch of all he surveyed and a distinguished figure in society and at the bar. Conceive, if you can, this lamentable old man, smirking through his wrinkles, bowing and prancing rather stiltedly because of his rheumatic joints and with his mouth full of pretty platitudes, paying court to the widow of Stephen Jumel, herself in the prime of years and health. Remove from the picture its surface incongruities, and you have a bit of pure pathos unequaled in the annals of foolish great men.

But something of his old time power to charm the gentler sex must have stood by him in his years of mental and physical misery, for in his suit for the widow Jumel's hand and fortune he won gloriously. Burr many declared in passionate rage that on a given day he would arrive at the Jumel mansion accompanied by a clergyman, who should marry them on the spot. He would give his prospective bride no quarter, no chance of escape from the inevitable.

She was amused at the threat and dismissed the old man with more than her usual coldness of demeanor. Burr stuck to his avowed and one July day rolled up in a carriage, and with him was a minister, the same who fifty years before performed the marriage ceremony for Burr and the mother of his daughter, the beautiful Theodosia. There was something of a scene in the old house on this day. There were tears of anger on the part of Burr.

Relatives remonstrated. Burr, immovable. All feared a scandal minister, book in hand, and trustfully in the background were more tears, more feeling, undying love, and the wife's devotion. They were married in a drawing room of the Jumel. Burr squandered with reckless the wealth acquired by Stephen and left for the enjoyment of a marital partner. There were quarrels between the ill-matched and they were soon divorced. Burr died in 1836, but madam lived 1865, dying a recluse and a million money received from the Jumel hoarded in an unused chamber.

Stones and Glass House.
The origin of the saying, "The live in glass houses should not throw stones," is as follows: At the union of England and London was inundated with men, and the London roughs, go about at night breaking the windows. Buckingham being the chief instigator of the mis party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, the Glass House. The court appealed to the king, who "Steenie, Steenie, those who throw stones should be careful their ding stones!"—New York can.

Mathematics at Oxford.
There is an interesting story shows the disposition of Oxford ward mathematics. A venerable who had bought half a dozen 3s. 6d. each requested the boy to give him a piece of paper purpose of arriving at the amount then wrote down 3s. 6d. six times under the other, and was slowing them up when the shopman turned to point out the shorter of multiplying one 3s. 6d. by 6. "me!" exclaimed the don. "Real is most ingenious, most ingenious!"—London Globe.

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Piled away up high on counters and long tables are the loveliest Dress Goods Silks, Wash Fabrics, Muslins, White Goods, Laces and Embroideries, also a beautiful line of Women and Children's outer apparel, Muslin Underwear, Hosiery, Knit Underwear and unrivaled stocks of Millinery, Rugs, Carpets and Curtains.

There is really no limit to the bargains. You can save at least a third to a half on everything you buy.

Come Prepared for the Biggest Bargains Ever Known

You will find them here in abundance. Sale begins at 8 a. m., Saturday, July 25th and continues to the last of the month.

For Full Details See Our Circulars. Be Sure and Get One.



A HUMAN MACHINE.

He Was Able to Correct a Language He Did Not Understand.

When Max Muller was preparing his edition of the Rigveda he had, so the story goes, an illustration of the intricate wisdom of the composer. In providing the manuscript for about 1000 sheets of print the author naturally tripped from time to time. Whenever he did trip, there on his proof was the error queried in a careful hand. Surely, he thought, some unknown scholar in the university must be overlooking his proofs with kindly interest and making the corrections for him. Inquiry showed that this was not the fact. The corrections were the corrections of the man who set up the type. "Did this man, then, know Sanskrit?" Muller asked. Not a bit of it. Use and wont enabled him to detect the errors as a hungry child scents a cooking dinner. The discovery originated through his arm rather than from any intellectual doubt, and that arm was palsied!

This printer had sustained an accident, leaving him with an arm partly paralyzed, and as this made him slower with his setting his masters turned him on to Sanskrit, with which he had had no previous acquaintance. He had to learn upward of 300 types for the work, but he learned them and acquiesced himself to the work. Now, many of the letters in Sanskrit cannot follow each other, or if they do, must be modified. In writing Muller sometimes forgot these modifications, but they were all marked on the proof. Muller was so interested that he sought out the printer to ask him how he was able to correct a language which he did not understand. The explanation was remarkable: "You see, sir, my arm gets into a regular swing from one compartment of types to another, and there are movements that never occur. So if I suddenly have to take up types which entail a new movement I feel it and put a query." "What a dog's life the 'nu spelling,' or Artemus Ward's, which is the same thing, would have caused that marvelous human machine!"—St. James' Gazette.

THE BIRD CLOWN.

A queer kind of fellow is the yellow-breasted Chat. The oddities of the yellow-breasted Chat begin even with his classification. He is thought of as a warbler the size of a Baltimore Oriole, a warbler with a song like a mockingbird. Indeed, there is little about the Chat that is not remarkable. He goes in for the song and the spectacular. If Nature

designed him to show what she could do in the way of the unusual and the eccentric, she had remarkable success.

This bird and not the catbird is the real "clown of the woods." Clowns of the theater would be more apt, for, like the catbird, he prefers the shrub and lower trees. A wild tangle of briars and vines is a favorite haunt. It is only the better to survey such a retreat that he mounts to the top of a tree. From his lofty perch he sings, to the amazement and bewilderment of the person that hears the song for the first time. More likely than not he will become invisible and silent upon the first attempt to approach him, remaining quiet and hidden till you move on again; then he chuckles loudly and scolds and spits and scoffs till you are out of sight and hearing. No bird is so fearful of being seen or such a master of hide and seek. It is worse than useless to try to steal a march on him. He manages to be always on the wrong side of the next bush. If you should find his nest, which is a pretty little basket of straw and weed stalks lined with fine grasses and strips of soft bark or leaves placed a foot or more above the ground among tall weeds or bushes, the sitting bird steals away and is at once lost to sight. Take a peep at the white, red speckled eggs and then hide among the bushes as far away from the nest as you can while still keeping it in sight. You may have to wait for an hour and even make other trips to the spot, but this is the surest way to get a good look at this shy one.—St. Nicholas.

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever. Doctor—Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! That is all an illusion of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have no fever; you have no brain—no material substance upon which such a wholly imaginary and supposititious thing as a fever could have any base of operation. Victim—Oh, doctor, what a load you have taken from me—from me—I have a mind, haven't I, doctor?—Chicago Tribune.

Pulling That Hair.

"What makes me really mad," said the woman, "is to spend minutes, maybe hours, trying to get hold of a white hair which shows up on my head like a dazzling light, yet which is tantalizingly elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it from the brown hair and give it a vigorous pull to find that I have snatched out a good brown hair, after all, and left the white one still shining."—New York Press.

Anticipating Him.

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out "Say, Sal, will you?"

"Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes. Have you brought the ring?"—Bohemian Magazine.

The Toast of an Irishman.

Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote "Wanderings in Ireland." An old Irishman read a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker, is it?" he commented. "A nice gentleman, I'll go bail. 'Tis a fine country he chose to travel in too. May the heavens be his bed for choosing it, and may every hair in his honor's head be a mold candle to light his soul to glory!"

Logical Conclusion.

First Burglar—Hark! I hear some one talking. Second Burglar—What's he saying? First Burglar—That he never will bet on another horse as long as he lives. Second Burglar—Let's get out of this. No money here. He's lost every cent.—London Tit-Bits.

At Last.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the great explorer joyfully, "at last I have found the missing link!"

And, crawling from under his bed, he proceeded to put the small gold affair in his clean cuff.—New York Journal.

Call of the Wild.

She—Did you ever hear the call of the wild?

He—I just guess I did! I wrote a piece once, and I heard the audience calling for the author.—Yonkers Statesman.

At the Quick Lunch.

Bill—You say he's old fashioned? Jim—Well I should say so! Why, he chews his food!—Yonkers Statesman.

Grateful Affection.

"I love my country passing well," "The American flag with thee," "I ought to love it, truth to tell," "Since it has been so good to me!"—Washington Star.

Sizing It Up.

"Is it fair?" remarked the observer of events and things, "to judge an ice-man's conscience by the size of the piece of ice you find on your doorstep?"—Yonkers Statesman.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. Jesse K. Johnson has left for Foxen, Conn., for a visit with her mother.

Harry Gehring has left for Philadelphia and Atlantic City to spend his vacation.

Grover Clelland has left for Hartford City, Ind., where he will accept employment.

Frank Arrison left this morning for Philadelphia and Atlantic City to spend several days.

Mr. A. V. McGovern of Chicago, Ill., is spending a few days in Charleroi with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Garrows of Pittsburg were in Charleroi yesterday calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Clark have left for Beaver Falls to spend a few days with relatives.

Armour Craven of Scenery Hill was calling on friends and transacting business in Charleroi yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Smith and son Harold have left for the mountains near Uniontown where they will spend several days.

Mrs. E. F. O'Brien of Washington is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Riley of McKean avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carroll leave this evening for Philadelphia and Atlantic City where they will sojourn for several days.

BARNUM'S OLD LION.

How the Great Showman Turned His Death to Account.

Among the features of the parades of the Barnum circus there was formerly one that never failed to attract attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd.

But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leanline stage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous puppies.

One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek-eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the slumbering jungle spirit stirred his pulse, and, with a crashing blow of the huge fore paw, the cow was slain; then, lying down beside his victim, he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his faroff African home.

In the morning the owner of the cow, a stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen edged ax in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

His Idea of Him.

Bill—Did you go to see that boy actor last night? Jill—Yes. "Did he get a hand?" "What he ought to have got was a shingle."—Yonkers Statesman.

Changed.

As man and wife poor Peck and she Their married life began, But that was months ago, you see; Now they are wife and man. —Denver News-Times.

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FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Inquire 7 Mail office. 2942p

WANTED—Sewing by the day or week. Children's sewing a specialty. 819 Fallowfield avenue. 294tf

FOUND—Breast pin. Owner can have same by calling at 410 Fallowfield avenue, identifying same and paying for this advertisement.

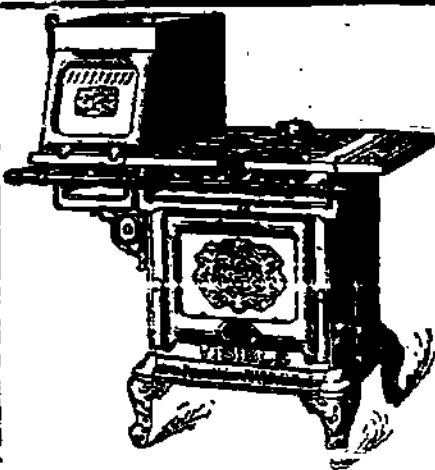
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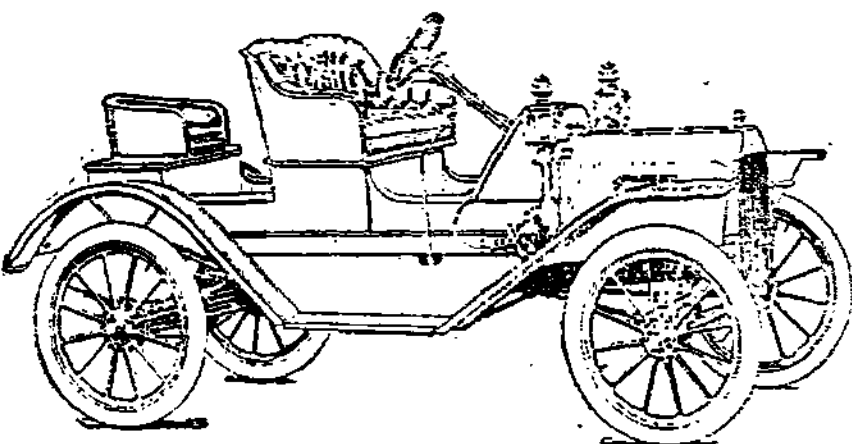
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